

# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

*A Quarterly Review  
of Literature, Science and Art.*

NEW SERIES

VOLUME 23

1948

KRAUS REPRINT CORPORATION

New York

1967

Printed in U.S.A.

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JANUARY—MARCH, 1948

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Letters should be addressed to 2 Crow Street, DUBLIN, and communications with regard to advertisements, subscriptions, etc., should be sent to the Manager of "The Dublin Magazine" at that address.

Price 2s. 6d.

Annual Subscription 10s. 6d. post free.

LONDON AGENT :

MESSRS. JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS, LTD., 477 OXFORD STREET, W.I.



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THE

# DUBLIN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII.—No. I.  
(New Series)

JANUARY—MARCH, 1948.

Price 2/6

*Two Poems by Padraic Colum*

## POMEGRANATE TREES WITH FRUIT

THE Punic fruit, their Roman name,  
Upon their myrtle-seeming trees,  
Evoke, like tokens of the Greeks,  
The distance and the sparkling seas.

Sculptor's dimension in their shape,  
To orb from rondure they have gone,  
Damasked in redness and as smooth  
As faces in archaic stone.

Upon their unsized trees, amid  
Their pointed leaves, Pomegranates,  
Not tinted as our apples are,  
But red in all their elements.

## COPPER BEECHES

TALMUDIC in their alienness  
The Copper Beeches are beside  
The Willow, Ash and Sycamore—  
Dark ponderous trees !

The Willow, Ash and Sycamore  
Profess the green, and them beside,  
With branches close around dark stems,  
And leaves like burnished metal, dark—  
Unordained trees.

Alien as minds that pondered on  
 The letters twelve and forty-two,  
 And in their inner depths pronounced  
 The name that's figured in the great  
 Tetragrammaton.

Alien : but more ! Discordant they—  
 Discordant as the metal clang  
 Beside the lutes, the flutes, the chimes  
 Dark ponderous trees !

### TO A LADY

(*From Louis Bouilhet 1822-69*)

*By R. N. Currey*

You didn't mean it when you said you loved me ;  
 You lied to me, poor girl, but what's the use ?  
 You have deceived yourself, but not deceived me ;  
 You've my forgiveness—with my love to choose.

Forgiveness freely given as my passion,  
 So that by no regrets your heart be tossed ;  
 What I loved in you was my adoration :  
 The thing I loved in you has not been lost.

Your lamp burned only with a borrowed flame.  
 I changed, in the way of Cana's Wedding Guest,  
 Your tastelessness to wine ; the whole world came  
 And stared astonished at the sudden feast.

You've only been, even in your finest hours  
 An instrument on which I've played my part ;  
 A tune that wakes the carved wood of guitars  
 My vision in the hollows of your heart.

No thanks to you, if it was fine and tender ;  
 It's mine to tell, though you have not approved,  
 To call from nothingness this passing splendour  
 Enough that I believed, and that I loved.

Therefore goodbye. Go now, and let me pass ;  
 Put powder on your cheeks' too vivid glow ;  
 The feast is over when I've drained my glass ;  
 The wine that's left is for your lackeys now.

*Two Poems by R. S. Thomas*

MAES-YR-ONNEN

THOUGH I describe it stone by stone, the chapel  
 Left stranded in the hurrying grass,  
 Painting faithfully the mossed tiles and the tree,  
 The one listener to the long homily  
 Of the ministering wind, and the dry, locked doors,  
 And the stale piety mouldering within,  
 You cannot share with me the rarer air,  
 Blue as a flower and heady with the scent

Of the years past and others yet to be,  
 That brushed each window and outsoared the clouds'  
 Far foliage with its own high canopy.  
 You cannot hear as I, incredulous, heard  
 Up in the rafters, where the bell should ring,  
 The wild, sweet singing of Rhiannon's birds.

SONG

UP in the high field's silence, where  
 The air is rarer, who dare break  
 The seamless garment of the wind  
 That wraps the bareness of his mind ?

The white sun spills about his feet  
 A pool of darkness, sweet and cool,  
 And mildly at its mournful brink  
 The creatures of the wild are drinking.

Tread softly, then, or slowly pass,  
 And leave him rooted in the grasses ;  
 The earth's unchanging voices teach  
 A wiser speech than gave you birth.

*Two Poems by Y. L.*

THE APPLE TREE

How often have you stood  
 Thus in the garden,  
 Cool the finches gleaming,  
 And you bright with serpent's gold,  
 Or winter's flicker condoning night ?

But now you press my eyes.  
 Flowing and fleetness,  
 A garble of leaves, and curve  
 Against hands and breath.  
 What need to touch or gather ?

Green-veined the sun.  
 Miraculous your fruit.  
 O fabulous unmoving bird,  
 Sing no more your song !  
 My feet wade the darkness,  
 And wings startle the supine heart,  
 As gold bees clot the leaves.

The hours babble on in mist,  
 And flesh exerts no more  
 Nor further breeds the sun.  
 Where are my dark unresting roots,  
 The silver pools, my burnished throat,  
 The perching stars, the requiem wind ?  
 Here in the garden here in me.

## LATE SKY

BLACK crescent flicker on spine of the wind,  
 Voice threading each transparent wing,  
 In flight the cord of time and space :  
 What unseen branches shine ?

Wand'ring gaze of an autumn day  
 In acuity of spectral glades  
 Counting the miming leaves and gold :  
 What ebb'd periphery is thine ?

Soul that encounters the ways of flesh  
 Like a day that falls to night,  
 Like a swift in the empty mind :  
 What freedom sifts your ecstasy ?

A bird, dark hours, a breath,  
 Imprinting these mercurial airs  
 And mocking all impoverishment :  
 Shadows across eternity.

*Two Poems by Maurice Farley*

## QUINTILIA'S ASHES

O QUIET rest for one who was so gay !  
 Here is no stir but when the branches wave  
 In the faint breeze, no sound until the lark  
 Pours out his song above Quintilia's grave.

What scented blooms are these her mother brings,  
 Enbalming solitude with honeyed breath ?  
 Quintilia cherished flowers—still, she hopes,  
 They must bring pleasure to her—even in death.

No marble tomb shall hold your ashes, sweet,  
Nor massive graven urn with years to rust,  
But the kind earth—soon you yourself will be  
One with it all, Quintilia, flowering dust.

Beauty to earth returns, to bloom again.  
So shall I dream you back from realms of Dis,  
Feeling the wind, new come from the earth-born flowers,  
Cool on my withered cheek—Quintilia's kiss.

### THE RETURN

My cold love, what fatal passion  
Brought you from your grave to-night ?  
To walk in the moon-paled shadows,  
To dream of a lost delight ?

From what deep bed have I called you  
To answer my reckless prayer ?  
Go back, while the kind night lends you  
The semblance of still being fair.

Iced winds that blow round your shadow  
Have taught me with terror's fan  
The gulf between dead and living  
My folly had hoped to span.

Go back—I have learnt to leave you  
The little that now seems sweet,  
Earth's bed for your weary body,  
Earth's rest for your restless feet.

*Two Poems by Peter Wells*

### LACHRYMAE

THE swans wander over the still water  
 Each lachrymous image sinking  
 Its thought where the weeds falter  
 Which feel the currents' cool caress  
 In the lake's deep shelter.  
 The hours fall, under the golden laburnums  
 Under the weeping wings of the swan,  
 The season turns, from spring to summer  
 And the leaf burning, burning falls :  
 Where the pale fish seeks its sorrow  
 Turning from reflection to reflection  
 And the silent ripples encircle the swan's perfection.

### THE TURNING POOL

THE Rhine flows between shores washed brown  
 By rain, the heart returns in spring to forget  
 The crew that after tea rowed down the river Thames  
 And in the wet afternoon, the new vision turns  
 As a man in his chair, who recollects the existence of sin  
 Or the inhibited spinster, who turns, and lets the cat in.  
 Yet spring commands flowers, and beautiful hours of sky :  
 And watching the armies in the Rhine race by  
 Through swollen currents, where the submerged wrecks lie,  
 This river dreams of spring : O water turn  
 Again and look into that streaming heart  
 Which runs into a pool, each still and beautiful thing :  
 And where again, through London's summer afternoon,  
 The swift, reflected crew rows down the sultry Thames—  
 And the white swan's inverted image folds its wings.

# HEGEL, SCHOPENHAUER AND NIETZSCHE

*By Arland Ussher*

THE German philosophers of the last century are to-day under somewhat of a cloud ; there is a general disposition to see in them the authors of all our present woe. But this is really as unjust as to make the Christian religion responsible for the atrocities of the religious wars, or to derive the Spanish Inquisition from the Gospel-parable of the Wheat and the Tares. It is notoriously easy to pick out texts where you will, to justify what you will. Were the English as a race inclined to militarism, they could find all the support they wanted in some of the works of Ruskin, Carlyle and Froude.

Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his fascinating book on the History of Western Philosophy, scarcely does justice to Hegel, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. He is at pains to reproduce whole strings of their more foolish dicta (poor Nietzsche's "Forget not thy whip" is itself not forgotten), but actually not a single one of their profounder sayings is quoted. But then Mr. Russell belongs to a school which has abandoned as insoluble nearly all the problems which deeply concern us. In another part of the same work he speaks of "the belief, which I have never understood, that it is better to exist than not to exist." If his own philosophy has no answer to make to the rather central question of whether existence is better than non-existence, it cannot, one would think, be of any very pressing importance for ordinary men.

"Why were we born ?" is the question that every generation asks. The man of faith would answer "*God knows.*" The man of reason, like Mr. Russell, answers with a different emphasis "*God knows*"—or perhaps he would say that the query, when analysed, has no meaning. A generation which has become almost as critical of the exclusive claims of reason as of dogmatic religion should be ready to listen to the answers of the esthetic intuition. And Hegel, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche are all three essentially *esthetic* philosophers. To swallow any one of them whole, as so many luckless Germans—and not only Germans—have done, would no doubt be an intellectual calamity. But I believe that, with judicious sifting, we can gain from the trio a philosophy of life that shall be both comprehensive and true.

Hegel has unfortunately placed between himself and the general reader the barbed-wire fence of an excruciatingly difficult style. As a matter of fact, that style is not nearly so bad in the literary sense as it has been made out to be. It is full of epigram and the play of words, of which the point is unfortunately lost in translation ; but abstractness of thought coupled with eccentricity of expression produce a result that is really rather overwhelming. It is perhaps doubtful whether Hegel really said on his death-bed " Only one man has ever understood me—and he has misunderstood me " ; but the saying is perfectly Hegelian in form, and it is the very test of a live style that it lends itself to parody. If Hegel had been English or Irish he might have become a Chesterton or a Wilde ; he would then have been pleasanter to read, but he would not have been remembered as the modern Aristotle.

Nearly all that the ordinary educated man knows of Hegel is that he invented the formula " Thesis, Antithesis and Synthesis " (strictly he borrowed it from Fichte) ; but in fact these co-relative terms imply an altogether revolutionary way of thought. The Classical philosopher used words like Matter, Form and Consciousness ; the theologian spoke of Body, Soul and Spirit. It was the originality of Hegel that he took these abstract categories, like coloured discs, strung them on a wire, and made them *rotate* ; he took—as it were—the axle, the wheel and the cart, clapped an engine on them, and made them *move*. That electric wire, that motor-engine, was the idea of *Time*. He brought down the Ideas like gods from their abstract Olympus and made them mingle with our blood and clay ; he bridged the gap which Plato had opened between the two worlds. He showed that an abstract notion like Being is by itself in fact Nothing, but that the two, when mated in thought, engender a third idea, Becoming—which again is empty and ambiguous until it is united with its counterpart Ceasing-to-be ; and so on up an endless interweaving spiral. Thus " the Real is the Rational and the Rational is the Real "—and the philosopher has only as it were to stand logic on its head for him to see the cosmos as a coherent logical structure. This is really a gay, a dionysiac philosophy—a nuptial-feast of reason ; Hegel indeed in one place said " The Real is the Bacchic dance, in which there is not one of its constituents that is not drunk." It may be objected against him that his triadic movement becomes in the end as monotonous and forced as a

march-tune, or that he puts his jigging Ideas into Prussian boots. But when we think of Hegel as a stuffy and rather servile university-professor, we should remember that he made—and plausibly backed-up—the most exciting assertion that has ever been made about the universe—*Reality is a Dance*.

Exciting, yes. But Hegel's ebullience, even in his life-time, produced a "hang-over," which was expressed on the one hand by the Christian Kierkegaard, and on the other by Schopenhauer, who brought the disillusioned wisdom of Asia into European thought. The Kierkegaardian reaction produced an independent development, with which I cannot deal here. It is the most important movement of speculation in Europe to-day, though Mr. Russell in his book does not even mention it—which I find really amazing. But our concern at present is with Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer in effect said "If Reality is a dance, it is rather like the dance described by Poe in his tale 'The Red Death,' where the Spirit of the Plague, mixing in the throng, touches each dancer in turn till the dance turns into a rout. That sinister Dancer is the irrational element, the insatiable Will. The Plague which first drew the dancers together—which in a true sense *caused* the Dance—also ceaselessly frustrates it. The irrational Force which gives life always poisons the gift. The Will is buffeted between Desire and Satiety and can never come to rest; the "synthesis" is the illusion of eating-and-having which draws us on—its reality is extinction. That extinction can be attained by the artist, who abandons action for contemplation, and by the saint, in whom a cosmic pity leads to restraint. Schopenhauer describes the esthetic deliverance in deeply moving words :

"Then all at once the peace which we were always seeking, but which always fled from us on the former path of our desires, comes to us of its own accord, and it is well with us. It is the painless state which Epicurus prizes as the highest good and as the state of the gods; for we are for the moment set free from the miserable striving of the will; we keep the Sabbath of the penal servitude of willing; the wheel of Ixion stands still . . . It is then all one whether we see the sun set from the prison or from the palace."

Schopenhauer would be called an atheist, but I submit that these words are fit to be placed beside the greatest utterances of the mystics.

The cheerful American, Will Durant, comments on all this, "The natural response to such a philosophy is a medical diagnosis of the age and of the man." It seems indeed almost impossible to persuade anyone to-day that the world cannot be "set right" by some trick or plan, or that the flaw is not in temporary conditions but in the fundamental laws of temporal existence. Progress is the most ingrained of our beliefs; what passes for philosophy over two-thirds of the globe presupposes it not only as true but as the very criterion of truth. And yet it is surely all an illusion induced by the machines; machines, it seems to us, can do anything! In every newspaper we pick up we see the platitude repeated "Moral progress has not kept pace with progress in mechanical invention." And yet, if there is such a thing as moral progress, must it not end by extinguishing that Desire and Will-to-Power which is Life itself? And how is it to come about? By education? And who is to educate the educators? By limitation of population? But the country which lets its birth-rate fall is marked out for defeat in war. By giving everyone a good income? It could only be done, if at all, by a degree of social organisation which would be intolerable to free men, and would place despotic power in a few hands. And if life could be made happy all day long, would not the thought of death become a devouring obsession? Do not even the best-devised plans often turn to something totally different by the blind mechanics of action? Is not every gain paid for by a proportionate loss? And so, though Schopenhauer painted existence too black—for illusion is pleasant even though it *is* illusion—I conclude that he was in the main right, and that our ideals should be the artistic contemplator and the world-forsaking saint. If contemplation and cosmic pity must end human life on earth, perhaps that is not to be regretted, for man will have solved the problem that he was put here to solve; at present, indeed, the end seems more likely to come by a diametrically opposite philosophy and mode of behaviour—by that *hubris*, that feverish activism, which Mr. Russell shows himself at his best in warning us against.

But we must not leave the last word with the moralist, any more than with the logician. Existence is neither wholly good nor wholly bad, and only appears so in sedentary or tired moments when we *reflect*; the important thing is Life itself, which in essence is beyond both good and evil. To the eye of a child or an artist, the tiger is as splendid as the lamb; the flame of life is

amoral, and it is beautiful. Pity can be a fine thing, like water touched by the light, but a morality accepted through timidity or convention merely damps the flame. This sort of natural mysticism has been expressed in England by William Blake and D. H. Lawrence—Lawrence, who has been so shamefully misunderstood both by his admirers and his detractors. In Germany it was uttered by Nietzsche, who reacted against Schopenhauer in much the same way as Schopenhauer reacted against Hegel, and thus completed—as it were—a Hegelian constellation of truths. Nietzsche in effect replied to his early tutor Schopenhauer, “Granted that Existence is all you say, granted that Life is Desire and that Desire is Suffering—the brave soul will accept all that with a Homeric laughter. The world is a stage for great actors; they will be merciless to others because they are merciless to themselves, for the play is everything. Only vulgarians could dream of a ‘happy ending’ when there shall be neither sadness nor irony any more. The world is the sum of all chances—chances which by the ancient theory of Eternal Recurrence must be endlessly repeated; and the great man is the gambler who woos all chances and is himself the answer to the sum. The Greeks who knew well that ‘Never to have lived is best’—if life is to be weighed in the balance of pleasures and pains—did not rest on that knowledge; they created the arts of tragedy and comedy in which the awful is raised to the sublime and the absurd is transmuted into the comic. Turn life into art, and the sufferings become no more than the shadows in the picture which give it depth and tone. You cannot have a night which is all stars.”

Mr. Russell gives us an imaginary dialogue between Buddha and a ranting Nietzsche, but it seems to me that these are more like the words in which Nietzsche would have answered the Lord of Pity, whom he nevertheless regarded with respect.

There is, of course, much nonsense in Nietzsche, though a good deal may be excused to his taste for challenging epigram. When he said “The good war justifies any cause” and “A new commandment I give unto you, be hard,” I am ready to accept these sayings in a “Pickwickian” sense, and enjoy them; but they are certainly dynamite, and we cannot always prevent explosives getting into the hands of schoolboys and gangsters. Nietzsche no doubt praised war far too much, like the invalid

that he was ; he sometimes talked as if the masses of men were no more than packs for the Napoleons and Hitlers to hunt with. Like Schopenhauer he exalted the artist, but he forgot that Life is really an improper medium for Art ; the great man of action is half an artist and half a man of the mass—he has chosen to work in a medium which he cannot control, which ends by subjugating him and deforming his initial conception. If the world can be justified as a good tragedy, we nevertheless remember and praise Sophocles—not the actors who played the parts of Orestes and Clytemnestra. But in another point I think Nietzsche was right—his insistence on the idea of aristocracy. For the aristocrat is the man who obeys (as the phrase is) “ his own truth,” and believes in the importance of form ; even if the codes through which he expresses himself are silly or cruel codes, they are the only things in the world strong enough to offer resistance to utilitarian ideals and quantitative values. How often to-day we hear it said “ Is Smith any loss ? What *use* was he to anybody ? ” or “ Jones must be right—millions of people believe in him.” And lest it be thought that this is an apology for fascism, I should add that most aristocracies to-day have fatally compromised themselves by their submission to demagogical political leaders. The aristocrat is, like Nietzsche’s ideal man, a gambler, and this time he has played for safety—and of course lost. He has forgotten that fine saying of Nietzsche—one of his innumerable fine sayings, “ I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favour, and who then asks : am I a dishonest player ? ”

To sum up, I believe that philosophy in the future may draw new life, which it at present sadly needs, from art ; that we should learn to look on the cosmos—with Hegel—as the masked ballet of the Ideas, while never forgetting the presence of Schopenhauer’s sinister stranger, our anarchic and unmoral human Will ; yet always being children and artists enough, with Nietzsche to enjoy the tremors, while feeling the pity.

# THE PUBLICATION OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

*By H. Teerink*

WHEN in the beginning of March 1726 Swift left Dublin for London with a view towards the publication of *Gulliver's Travels*, he brought with him a *transcript*, not, as has been supposed,<sup>1</sup> the *original manuscript*. This is proved by his words to Tickell, who had asked him for a sight of the work :

" As to what you mention of an imaginary treatise, I can only answer that I have a great quantity of papers somewhere or other, of which none would please you, partly because they are very incorrect, but chiefly because they wholly disagree with your notion of persons and things ; neither do I believe it would be possible for you to find out my treasury of waste papers, without searching nine houses, and then sending to me for the key." <sup>2</sup>

And again the next day to Sheridan :

" Our friend at the Castle [i.e. Tickell] writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, etc., of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention anything of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, etc." <sup>3</sup>

Swift stayed in England from the middle of March till the middle of August, but it was only during the very last week of his visit, from 8th to 13th August, when he had come from Twickenham to stay with Gay in his lodgings at Whitehall<sup>4</sup> that the negotiations for the publication of *Gulliver's Travels* were begun and concluded, after which he left London for Dublin on Monday, the 15th. They were carried on by means of three letters, which, as they have never been printed in the original orthography, and one of them not correctly, are here given from photostats kindly supplied by the Pierpont Morgan Library, where the originals are preserved.

London Au<sup>g</sup>t. 8<sup>th</sup>. 1726

(i) Sr.

My Cousin Mr. Lemuel Gulliver entrusted me some Years ago with a Copy of his Travels, whereof that which I here send you is about a fourth part, for I shortned them very much as you will find in my Preface to the Reader. I have shewn them

to several persons of great Judgment and Distinction, who are confident they will sell very well. And although some parts of this and the following Volumes may be thought in one or two places to be a little Satyrical, yet it is agreed they will give no Offence, but in that you must Judge for your self, and take the Advice of your Friends, and if they or you be of another opinion, you may let me know it when you return these Papers, which I expect shall be in three Days at furthest. The good Report I have received of you makes me put so great a trust into your Hands, which I hope you will give me no Reason to repent, and in that Confidence I require that you will never suffer these Papers to be once out of your Sight.

As the printing these Travels will probably be of great value to you, so as a Manager for my Friend and Cousin I expect you will give a due consideration for it, because I know the Author intends the Profit for the use of poor Sea-men, and I am advised to say that two Hundred pounds is the least Summ I will receive on his account, but if it shall happen that the Sale will not answer as I expect and believe, then whatever shall be thought too much even upon your own word shall be duly repaid.

Perhaps you may think this a strange way of proceeding to a man of Trade, but since I begin with so great a trust to you, whom I never saw, I think it not hard that you should trust me as much. Therefore if after three days reading and consulting these Papers, you think it proper to stand to my agreement, you may begin to print them, and the subsequent parts shall be all sent you one after another in less than a week, provided that immediatly upon your Resolution to print them, you do within three days deliver a Bank Bill of two hundred pounds wrapt up so as to make a parcel to the Hand from whence you receive this, who will come in the same manner exactly at 9 a clock at night on Thursday which will be the 11<sup>th</sup>. Instant.

If you do not aprove of this proposal deliver these Papers to the person who will come on thursday

If you chuse rather to send the Papers make no other Proposal of your own but just barely write on a piece of paper that you do not accept my offer.

I am  
S<sup>r</sup>

your Humble Servant  
Richard Sympson

*On back:* For M<sup>r</sup>. Motte

(2) I return you S<sup>r</sup>. your Papers with a great many thanks and do assure you y<sup>t</sup> since they have been in my custody, I have faithfully deserv'd the good Opinion you exprest of my Integrity : but you were much mistaken in the Estimate you made of my Abilities, when you suppos'd me able, in Vacation time (the most dead Season of the Year) at so short notice, to deposite so considerable a Sum as 200 l.—By delivering the Papers to the Bearer, I have put you entirely in the same Condition they were in before I saw 'em : but if you will trust my Promise, that the Book shall be publish'd within a Month after I receive the Copy, and if the Success will allow it, I will punctually pay the money you require in Six Months, I shall thankfully embrace the Offer. The Bearer stays for an Answer so that I can only offer a Proposal without giving a Reason.

I have only to add, that before I recd<sup>d</sup> your Letter, I had fixt a Journey into the Country, and wrote to some Dealers there to appoint times when I would call upon 'em : so that I shall be oblig'd to set out this day Se'nnight at farthest. therefore if you think fit to favour me with any further Correspondence, desire I may hear from you as soon as possible.

*No date, no address.*

(3) I would have both Volumes come out together and published by Christmass at furthest

R Sympson

*Address:* P.S. To M<sup>r</sup>. Motte  
aug<sup>st</sup>. 13<sup>th</sup> 1726

The provenance of these three letters (as well as of the fourth, immediately hereafter) is as follows : About the year 1736 they came from Benjamin Motte to his successor in business Charles Bathurst. The latter apparently had a daughter who married a Mr. Woodman, whose son, the Rev. Charles Bathurst Woodman, thus named in honour of his grandfather, owned them in 1856, when he contributed them to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where they were printed in Vol. XLIV, N.S., pp. 34-36. In spite of extensive researches I have not been able to find out what happened to them after 1856. Possibly an examination of Messrs. Sotheby's sale-catalogues, of which there is a complete set in the British Museum, may throw some light on this matter, but I have at present no opportunity to perform this task. Miss

## THE PUBLICATION OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS 17

E. L. Pafort, of the Pierpont Morgan Library, kindly sent me a transcript from *Book-Prices Current*, London, 1903, stating that lot 268 in Christie, Manson & Woods's sale of July 8th, 1903, contained the above three letters, and that they were then sold to Pearson for £86. 2s. od. On my asking Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods they informed me that the sale took place on July 4th, 1903, and that the vendor was the Rev. H. H. Crawley, Stowe-Nine-Churches, Weedon, Northamptonshire. Miss Pafort also told me that the four letters in question are now contained in a folio volume of letters bound in purple morocco bearing an engraved armorial ex-libris with the inscription "Bathurst Earl Bathurst" and the motto "Tien Ta Foy"; that this volume formed part of the "Bathurst Collection" (whatever that may have been?), and that it was purchased by the library from Sabin in 1909. As, however, in 1922 a re-arrangement took place in the volume, by the addition of letters from other volumes (of which no record was made), it is questionable whether the four letters have originally anything to do with the "Bathurst" volume and "the Bathurst Collection." Possibly they were acquired by the library direct from Pearson, and in 1922 inserted into the "Bathurst" volume. At any rate this matter requires further investigation.

There is another letter in the Pierpont Morgan Library, not dealing with the publication, but with the payment of the £200. It reads as follows :

M<sup>r</sup> Motte

I sent this enclosed by a friend to be sent to you, to desire that you would go to the house of Erasmus Lewis Es<sup>r</sup> in Cork-street behind Burlington house, and let him know that you are come from me. for to the <sup>sd</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Lewis I have given full power to treat w<sup>th</sup> you concerning my Co<sup>zn</sup> Gulliver's book and what ever he & you shall settle I will consent to so I have written to him You will see him best early in the morning

I am yr humble Ser-  
vant

Apr. 27th

Ric<sup>hd</sup> Sympson

1727

On back of this :

London. may. 4. 1727.

I am fully satisfyd. E. Lewis.

*Addressed :*

To the Hon Mr Motte, a Bookseller, at the middle temple gate in Fleet-street.

This letter, with Lewis's acquittal appended, was written by Swift himself, who was then again in England, probably with Pope at Twickenham<sup>5</sup>, but for this occasion he disguised his hand. It has been said, and with truth, that Swift's so-called "disguised hand" is a myth<sup>6</sup>. We know the small, crabbed hand of the *Journal to Stella* and of his Account-books; the large, fair copies of several of his writings; and the ordinary, current hand of his letters. Though sometimes hard to decipher, there is nothing mysterious about any of them. But in the letter under discussion we meet with at least one example, perhaps the only one, of an attempt at disguise, which can hardly be called entirely successful.

It is true that his capitals, especially the 'I' and 'M', his final 'd', 'e', 't', 'g', etc. with their extra scrawls, are different from his usual forms, but these deviations betray a pre-meditated attempt, and at once look suspicious when compared with his customary shapes, of which there are examples enough, such as 'f', 't', 'tt', 'r', 'p', etc. But there are two peculiarities which definitely give him away. His usual capital 'M' is an enlarged small 'm.' In this letter he has studiously used the other form (three times). But the third time he relapsed into his customary ' ', and perceiving it half-way, he wrote the disguised 'M' through it. The second case is the capital 'I' in the same line, of which exactly the same story can be told.

I had already written the above, when I perceived that the Rev. Charles Bathurst Woodman was of the same opinion.<sup>7</sup>

The first letter, of course composed by Swift himself, is not in his hand, nor in that of Ford, Pope, or Lewis. But comparison of the photostat before me with photostats of a letter and a document<sup>8</sup> written by Gay and duly signed by him, has convinced me that the first as well as the third letter are in his handwriting. The resemblance is not so striking in the letter, dated Dec. 30, 1714, as in the document, a bill of exchange dated Febr. 24, 1721, perhaps owing to the greater divergence in years. Some of the leading characteristics are the capitals P, B, R, L, and the way in which the last stroke of a final 'e' and 'n' are bent inwards. But there are several more; and taken as a whole, they do not leave any doubt.

The second letter is not an original, but a draft only, in

Motte's own hand, as is proved by comparison with another letter written by Motte, duly signed, to Woodford (not to Swift, as has been wrongly thought), of March 12th, 1727/8, also in the Pierpont Morgan Library. When the Rev. Charles Bathurst Woodman contributed this draft to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he overlooked the fact clearly shown by the photostat now before me, that when Motte had finished the draft, he crossed out a passage in the middle of the letter, on the front of the sheet, and replaced it by a corrected one on the back. The Rev. Charles Bathurst Woodman left the crossed-out passage in its (wrong) place, and considered the corrected passage as a fourth letter. In this he was followed by Elrington Ball.<sup>9</sup> Professor Maxwell Gold<sup>10</sup> preserved both passages in the one letter, an error which he would undoubtedly have avoided, if he had seen the original.

The crossed-out passage reads :

" or accept any Security you can contrive or require for the payment of the money in Six Months I will comply with any Method you shall propose for that purpose. In the mean time, I shall trust to your Honour and Promise, that what shall appear more than the Success of it deserves, shall be repaid ; as you may depend upon a proper Acknowledgment, if the Success answers or exceeds Expectation."

This prolonged mistake has now been rectified by inserting the corrected passage (beginning : " that the Book shall be publish'd . . . ", and ending : ". . . without giving a Reason.") in the place where it belongs and makes perfect good sense.

When comparing these two passages it is interesting to note the difference between them. In the first version Motte offered a security for the payment of the £200 in six months, at the same stipulating repayment if the success should be less, and promising something extra if it should be more than expectation. In the second version he showed the business-man he was by retracting all this, only giving his word that he would pay the £200 in six months.

The third letter, the short one of fourteen words only, is in the same hand as the first, that is Gay's. Elrington Ball<sup>11</sup> thought that this letter is only part of a longer one, but the photostat at my disposal does not make this at all probable ; though short, it is complete in itself. It may be safely assumed that together with this short note the whole MS. (hence the allusion to " both volumes ") was handed to Motte, and that the acceptance of Motte's proposal, besides being implied in the transmission of the whole MS., was communicated by the bearer orally. With this

the negotiations were virtually at an end, and it is wrong to suppose, as the late Prof. Case has done, that the final bargain was not struck till after Gay's letter of Sept. 16th.<sup>12</sup>

For the discussion of some further questions it may not be amiss first to submit the relevant passages from the correspondence between Swift, Pope, and Gay, after Swift's departure from London. The quotations are from Elrington Ball's *Correspondence*; the italics are mine.

(1) Gay to Swift, sent ca. 16th Aug., received ca. 22nd Aug.

[Note: This letter is lost; the dates are approximate ones. That such a letter was written appears from the quotations in letters 4 and 6 below.]

(2) Pope to Swift, sent ca. 16th Aug., received 22nd Aug.

Many a short sigh you cost me *the day I left you . . .*

. . . when I came home I found it no home. . . .

. . . in every place I frequent

. . . I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me . . .

. . . the cups you sent me with so kind an inscription [they must have been sent from London to Twickenham]

*All those of your friends whom I have seen* are constant in their remembrance, and good wishes to you,—only the Doctor [i.e. Arbuthnot] I have never been able to see *since*. . . .

[Note: The approximate date of receipt of this letter appears from letter 5 below.]

(3) Swift to Gay, sent ca. 23rd Aug., received ca. 30th Aug.

[Note: This letter is lost. The approximate dates of writing and receipt can be derived from letter 5; an idea of its contents, namely instructions to Motte, together with a request for information (all about Gulliver), from letter 6.]

(4) Swift to Pope, sent ca. 25th Aug., received ca. 2nd Sept.

*The first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay . . . . what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanery [15-22 Aug.] . . . .*

. . . witness what *Mr. Gay says in his letter* [this is letter 1] . . . .

(5) Pope to Swift, sent 3rd Sept.

*Yours to Mr. Gay* [i.e. letter 3] gave me greater satisfaction than *that to me i.e. letter 4* . . . .

I writ you *a long letter*, which I guessed reached you *the day after your arrival* [i.e. letter 2].

(6) Gay to Swift, sent 16th Sept.

*Since I wrote last* [probably letter 1], I have been *always upon the ramble. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday* [i.e. 11th Sept.] . . . .

As for the particular affair that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but *Mr. Pope will follow your instructions*.

*I intend to see Mr. Pope to-morrow or on Sunday.*

(7) Swift to Pope [Gay and Bolingbroke], sent 3rd or 4th Oct., received 15th Oct.

I received *your map and pictures*. By the latter I could not find out *the originals*, and your map is as much a caricature of Bibury, as the others must be of I do not know who.

Mr. Ford is just landed, after a month's raking by the way . . .

[Note : As in the next letter, an original dated 22nd Oct., Gay says : "The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope was not received till eleven or twelve days after date," letter 7 cannot have been sent on 15th Oct. as hitherto thought. The 15th of Oct. was perhaps, as in some of the other cases, the day of receipt.]

(8) Gay to Swift, sent 22nd Oct.

Before I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. *The letter was sent* [apparently one in the name of Sympson to Motte, enclosed in letter 7], and the answer was, that *everything was finished and concluded according to orders*, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days, so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his [i.e. Motte's] writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope was not received till *eleven or twelve days after date* . . .

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter [i.e. letter 7]; and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter which I mention in the first paragraph [quoted above] of this letter as soon as I go abroad; for *I expect it every day*.

(9) Gay and Pope to Swift, sent 17th Nov. (?).

It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told, *the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came*.

[Note : The opening sentence of this letter says that Gulliver appeared "about ten days ago," which is demonstrably wrong, as the book was published on 28th Oct. So that here we have apparently another case in which the date given, 17th Nov., is the date of receipt.]

(10) Pope to Swift, sent 26th Nov. (?).

I congratulate you first upon *what you call your cousin's wonderful book*, which is publica trita manu at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful. I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London, *since you left me*, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book . . . . . so that *you needed not to have been so secret upon this head*. Motte received the copy, he tells me, *he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach*. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgement.

[Note : Here is another case in which the date originally fixed to this letter, 16th Nov., is wrong.]

The first question that presents itself is : Was Motte aware

of the identity of the author from the first, or was he left in the dark till Swift openly wrote to him about the work about a year and a half later, on Dec. 28, 1727?<sup>13</sup> From letter 6 we see that when Gay had gone "upon the ramble" soon after Swift's departure, Pope got into direct contact with Motte. If the latter had been ignorant so far, he must have been dull indeed, if he was not undeceived then. In fact, I have always been of the late Prof. Case's opinion, who says that "the mysterious appearance of the manuscript was, in point of fact, no more a mystery to Motte than it was to Swift. It was merely the culmination of a series of moves by Swift and his friends to guard the author from political persecution of the sort which had recently threatened him in connection with the Drapier's Letters."<sup>14</sup> But the myth of Motte being ignorant was studiously kept up. Though in November, after the publication of the work, it appeared that there had been no reason for fear, and Gay and Pope in their letters began to speak with a little less reserve about the author, Pope thought it necessary to come forward with the 'hackney coach' story, which, in my opinion, is to be considered either as a cue that had been given Motte at the very outset, or an ingenious invention of Pope's meant as an intimation to Swift that Motte was faithfully acting his part, or as both together (see letters 9 and 10). And finally, is it conceivable that Motte should not have known the name of the man who kept himself in the background, when Ford sent his letter with *Errata* on 3rd Jan. 1727, nor when the final settlement took place through Lewis on 27th Apr. 1727?

The next point to be settled is: Who was the 'bearer' of the Sympson letters? Various names have been mentioned in this connection: Pope, Lewis, and Ford. Pope's claim appears to rest on the consideration that it was he who advised Swift to ask £200 for the copyright (see the first 'Sympson' letter), a fact acknowledged by Swift in his letter to William Pulteney of May 12, 1735, where he says:

"I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one [once] about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me."<sup>15</sup>

And yet the correspondence shows as clearly as can be desired, that Pope cannot have been the 'bearer.' At the end of July Swift was still "in the country," with Pope at Twickenham, but at the beginning of August he went to London to stay with Gay in his lodgings in Whitehall. Hearing of Pope's illness through

Peterborough he at once sent him a letter expressing his concern.<sup>16</sup> Swift had left Pope, and Pope had left Swift (see letters 2 and 10), which would suggest that Pope had accompanied him some part of the way from Twickenham to London, after which Pope returned home, which he found no home (see letter 2). And from various passages in letter 2 (see the italics), it may be concluded that after this they did not see each other any more, and that Pope can therefore not have been the 'bearer.'

The idea that it should have been Lewis can also safely be dismissed. It is apparently grounded merely on the circumstance that several months later he acted as Swift's cashier (see the fourth letter), which seems to be responsible for the tradition that he also acted in the capacity of 'bearer.' At any rate there is not a scrap of evidence, or even of probability, to prove that he had anything to do with *Gulliver* at this early stage.<sup>17</sup>

As to Ford, though no positive evidence has been forthcoming, it is at least possible that he should have lent his assistance, as he had done before and was to do again, notably in the case of *Gulliver*.<sup>18</sup> But Ford was to leave London for Ireland in a very short time (see letter 7). On the one hand it would be an advantage that the man who had just carried on such a dangerous transaction should leave the scene of action so soon; on the other his departure would be a drawback, because further negotiations might be necessary, as eventually they proved to be.

It seems to me that the chances of probability are greatest in favour of Gay. He was "an arrant cockney,"<sup>19</sup> a man that might be expected to stay on in London, even though it proved to be otherwise, when towards the end of August the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, with whom he stood in a relation of friendly dependency, went on their rambles, and Gay had to accompany them. He then delegated his task to Pope (see letter 6). One of the first letters that Swift received on his return, perhaps the very first, was one from Gay, and the first he wrote was to Gay. Both are lost, but we learn something of the character of their contents from letter 6, where we read that Swift's letter contained a request for information, and instructions, which Gay owing to his departure from London, had handed to Pope to be dealt with. We may be sure that they related to *Gulliver*, undoubtedly to the portrait and maps (see below). All this, added to the fact that Gay was the writer of the 'Sympson'

letters, contributes to sustain the view that he was also their 'bearer.'

The third question concerns the *portrait* and the *maps*. They featured so frequently in books of voyages of that time, that, apart from the fact that he cannot be identified, because no evidence has been forthcoming, the originator of the idea of a portrait and maps for *Gulliver* can hardly bear any credit from his suggestion. It may have been Motte, it may have been Swift. It may even have been Gay; why not? But it interests us a good deal more to know whether Swift had anything to do with the evolution of the plan after it had once been formed.

In some recent articles the geographical details of the text, and the execution of the maps, have formed the subjects of investigation.<sup>20</sup> Prof. Moore has observed that "the geography of the book [he means the text] is so incredible that we must assume (1) that Swift intended an extravagant burlesque on voyages, or (2) that he was ignorant of geography, or (3) that he intended a burlesque and knew too little geography to carry it out accurately."<sup>21</sup> He thinks it probable that the mapmaker "was not a professed cartographer." But Prof. Moore does not express an opinion on the point we are examining.

Prof. Bracher goes much further. He says: "Motte, recognizing the value of this satirical parody of the voyagers which had fallen into his hands, decided to carry the parody one step further. He could not consult the author, even if he had known so early that it was Swift, for Swift was in Ireland. Popular taste demanded maps in books of voyages, and he would give them maps. While the book was being edited, set in type, and printed, he commissioned someone to draw the maps, had them engraved (along with a portrait of Gulliver), and bound them in all editions of the *Travels*."<sup>22</sup> And again: "the maps were made without Swift's aid or authority," "without Swift's consent or knowledge."<sup>23</sup>

Prof. Case says that he agrees with Prof. Bracher "that neither Swift nor any of his friends was in any way responsible for the 1726 maps with their numerous errors"<sup>24</sup>, and he adds that "the maker of the maps for the original edition was careless or stupid or both."<sup>25</sup>

A good deal of what has been said by these three critics may be readily granted, but I cannot admit that Prof. Bracher's view, who considers Motte the only responsible person, is sustained

by sufficient proof. On the contrary, I think there is some evidence in favour of Swift.

We know that almost at once on Swift's departure Gay wrote a letter to him (letter 1 and cf. letter 4). This letter is lost, but I beg to ask : What occasion can there have been for such a letter so soon, unless it concerned the maps and portrait to be placed in *Gulliver*, everything else having been fully arranged ? We also know that Swift's answer followed immediately (letter 3), and though also lost, we learn from letter 6 that, besides a request for information, it contained 'instructions'. Is it too far-fetched an inference to assume that these 'instructions' were intended for Motte, and had to do with the portrait and maps ? The first quotation of letter 7 shows that the plan of the portrait and the maps had had a contagious effect on Pope and Gay, inducing them to draw a map and pictures too.<sup>26</sup> This proves that they were acquainted with the idea of the same for *Gulliver*, and that this plan cannot have been the business of Motte alone.

It has been noted that there are some errors in spelling, notably in the map to Laputa, owing to the circumstance that the maps were drawn by one man, and engraved by another, who misread some of the names. This looks very suspicious. I have lately had occasion to study and decipher the Account-books of Swift, and it appears that the nature of the misspellings referred to is exactly what may be expected from Swift's handwriting when he was in a hurry and wrote small. Typical examples are 'Clanrgnig' for 'Clumegnig,' 'Glangurn Sialo' for 'Glanguenstald,' 'Dimeris Strats' for 'Dimens Straits,' and some more. I think it therefore much more probable, that it was not the engraver who misread the mapmaker's writing, but that the mapmaker could not read Swift's hand.<sup>27</sup>

The portrait in the first state has the inscription 'Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of Redriff Aetat. sua 58.' under the oval. Can the detail that Swift was exactly 58 years old, when the book appeared, have come from any other person but himself, especially in an age when people were notoriously indifferent and ignorant as to the age of their friends and even of themselves ?<sup>28</sup> The portrait in the second state has the inscription round the oval, to make room for the quotation from Persius. This state is later, but before the date of publication, as it occurs in an advertisement in *The Daily Journal* on 28 Oct. 1726.<sup>29</sup>

Again I beg to ask : Is it conceivable that both the quotation

and the direction for its placing emanated from another person than Swift himself?

I am fully aware that what I have said does not contain absolute proof, but the evidence adduced, though of a conjectural kind, is in my opinion strong enough to justify the conclusion that the inscription and the quotation of the portrait represent Swift's own idea, while it is practically certain that he supplied the rough drafts for the maps as well.

It has lately come to my knowledge that in Small Paper copies of *Gulliver* leaf E8 (pp. 63-4) in Part IV is a cancel, bearing two alterations: (1) p. 64 first line of the text 'ours and give' has been altered into 'ours or give.' (2) p. 64 catchword 'frequent' altered into 'sufficient' to avoid repetition of 'frequent' eight lines higher up. In Large Paper copies this leaf is not a cancel, and the readings are 'and' and 'frequent.' As the alterations are corrections, it must be concluded that L. P. copies do not, as has been maintained,<sup>30</sup> represent the intermediate or final stage of printing, but precede Sm. P. copies.

The result of the foregoing examination has evinced:

- (1) that it was not the original MS., but a transcript that was handed to Motte.
- (2) that the two 'Sympson' letters were written by Gay.
- (3) the correct version of Motte's reply.
- (4) that the letter of 27 Apr. 1727 is in the disguised hand of Swift.
- (5) part of the provenance.
- (6) that it may be assumed with great probability, if not with certainty, that Motte knew the identity of the author from the very beginning; that Gay was the 'bearer'; that the inscription and the quotation of the portrait, as well as the rough drafts of the maps, emanated from Swift himself.
- (7) that the L. P. copies represent the first printing.

#### NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> Ricardo Quintana, *The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift*, London, 1936, p. 295; Frederick Bracher, *The Maps in Gulliver's Travels*, in the *Huntington Library Quarterly*, Nov. 1944, p. 67; Arthur E. Case, *Four Essays on Gulliver's Travels*, Princeton University Press, 1945, p. 2.

<sup>2</sup> F. Elrington Ball, *Correspondence*, III, 314.

<sup>3</sup> *Correspondence*, III, 316.

<sup>4</sup> *Correspondence*, III, 324, 325, 341, 387; IV, 17.

<sup>5</sup> *Correspondence*, III, 386 n.

<sup>6</sup> Shane Leslie, *The Script of Jonathan Swift And Other Essays*, London, 1935, *passim*.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. G. Ravenscroft Dennis, *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift*, ed. Temple Scott, Vol. VIII, London, 1905, p. xv.

<sup>8</sup> Kindly supplied me by the University of Rochester, and the Huntington Library.

<sup>9</sup> *Correspondence*, III, 330-1.

<sup>10</sup> *Swift's Marriage to Stella*, Cambridge, Mass., 1937, pp. 178-9.

<sup>11</sup> *Correspondence*, 331 n. 2.

<sup>12</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 6, 7.

<sup>13</sup> *Correspondence*, III, 438.

<sup>14</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 1.

<sup>15</sup> *Correspondence*, V, 180.—Cf. Henry Craik, *The Life Of Jonathan Swift*, 2nd ed., London, 1894, II, p. 127 n.

<sup>16</sup> *Correspondence*, III, 324, 325.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Ravenscroft Dennis, *op. cit.*, p. xii; Herbert Davis, *The Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift*, Vol. XI, Oxford, 1941, p. xxi of *The Introduction*, by Harold Williams: Case, *op. cit.*, p. 5, n. 12.

<sup>18</sup> Cf. Sir Walter Scott, *The Works of Jonathan Swift*, 2nd ed., 1824, I, 325 n.; David Nichol Smith, *The Letters Of Jonathan Swift To Charles Ford*, Oxford, 1935, pp. xx-xxi.

<sup>19</sup> *Correspondence*, IV, 272.

<sup>20</sup> Prof. Case's ed. of *Gulliver's Travels*, 1938; John Robert Moore, *The Geography Of Gulliver's Travels*, in the *Journal of Eng. and Germ. Phil.*, April, 1941; Frederick Bracher, *op. cit.* (see note 1 above); Arthur E. Case, *op. cit.* (see note 1 above).

<sup>21</sup> *Op. cit.*, 216.

<sup>22</sup> *Op. cit.*, 70.

<sup>23</sup> *Op. cit.*, 69, 73.

<sup>24</sup> *Op. cit.*, 51, n. 8.

<sup>25</sup> *Op. cit.*, 53.

<sup>26</sup> Bracher, 66, 67.

<sup>27</sup> Cf. Moore, 226; Bracher, 63-4.

<sup>28</sup> *Correspondence*, IV, 323.

<sup>29</sup> Cf. Ravenscroft Dennis, *op. cit.*, p. xiii.

<sup>30</sup> Lucius L. Hubbard, *Contributions Towards A Bibliography Of Gulliver's Travels*, Chicago, 1922, p. 28.

## ISTRIA AND MARIA PASQUINELLI

*By Hubert Butler*

MARIA PASQUINELLI, who assassinated General de Winton last year at Pola, was certainly not an ordinary murderer.

It might be best to accept her at her own valuation, a symbolic figure who had slain another symbolic figure, so that the attention of the world might be drawn to the sufferings of her people. She compared herself to Jael and explained to the Court that she had chosen General de Winton, of whom she spoke with respect, because it had not been practical to make her demonstration against one of the Big Four. It was they who were responsible for the decision by which Istria was handed over to Yugoslavia.

Everything she said in Court had plainly been much rehearsed and much brooded over, but she revealed herself as a more human, less stagey figure, than could be guessed from her written declaration. In that she says, "At Pola, capital of Istria, wet with the blood of the martyred Sauro, I reconfirm the indissolubility of the chain which binds the motherland to the most Italian lands of Zara, Fiume, the Venezia Giulia, our heroic bastions against Panslavism, which threatens all Western civilisation. I rise in rebellion against the Big Four. In outrage to justice, humanity and political wisdom, they decided to wrench once more from the maternal bosom these sacred lands, condemning them to the experiences of a new Danzig or, with the most cold consciousness which makes them equally guilty, to the Yugoslav yoke, synonym to our people, indomitably Italian, of death, deportation, exile." Even here the careful reader will notice the absence of some expected flourishes. She makes no references to "the deadly menace of communism." Hers was the fastidious arrogance of d'Annunzio not the vulgar arrogance of a demagogue, and, in her defence, she made a careful attempt to analyse her fears and antipathies. Her distrust of the Slavs was cultural not political and explicitly she says that communism, as such, did not particularly frighten her. She knew, I suppose, that the Slavs of Istria, though for twenty years they had been goaded, tortured, proscribed, persecuted by Italian fascism, were a domestic and home-loving people, who would adopt one totalitarian creed only to protect themselves from another.

Most of the English who heard Maria Pasquinelli at Pola said in a tolerant way that she was 'crackers'; to most Italians, except those on the Left, she is, what she meant to be, the symbol of the peoples' will to resistance, and Gianini, a celebrated advocate, exalted her with evident sincerity as few women have been exalted before, claiming that "nobody would deny to her a superior morality." She is certainly a remarkable figure for which it is easier to find an Irish than an English equivalent. In the great democracies people are usually content to learn by post the details of their duty to their country, and very few have the opportunity of interpreting it in the intense and dramatic way which Pasquinelli chose. Her story is strange. She was a school-teacher but, when the Italian armies were in retreat in Africa, she joined them, dressed as a man, and when at last she was identified and forced to withdraw, she passed from one dramatic

form of self sacrifice to another. At the time of Italy's collapse, she was in Split, working herself to death as a teacher in that cultural campaign by which Dalmatia was to be made Italian. She recognised that Dalmatia is more than 99% Croatian but she moved in a world of sublime, disinterested thoughts and she believed that, in offering to the Croats the unwelcome gift of Italian culture, she was conferring upon them something infinitely precious for which one day they would be grateful." I could understand the belief of the young Croat men that the land was theirs and I admired them. But I never doubted for a moment the right of Italy to that territory. Dalmatia was Italian as was Pola." Of the Slovenes of Istria she spoke also, with a devastating charity. "The Slav people express themselves according to their possibilities. They are a young nation, which has the merits and demerits of all young peoples. They believe in their dogmas to the point of fanaticism. The power of self-criticism, which is possessed by Italians and all older peoples, is not theirs . . . As I lived among Slavs I must admit, apart from their infinite cruelty, they are also infinitely generous, endowed with great capacities both of goodness and perfidy." She said she had had many moving proofs of generosity from Slovenes and recalls, how once when being put in prison in Split, a Croat woman sympathised with her with 'infinite sweetness.'

Maria Pasquinelli was fixed in her opinion that she and her people are more richly endowed with self-criticism than the Slavs. When the Prosecutor asked if she was capable of tolerating other people's ideas, the reply came, prompt and enthusiastic, "Yes, the good ideas of other people!" but clearly she did not think that Slav resistance to Italian culture was a good idea.

She saw that Dalmatia, Croat or not, must be annexed to Italy "Violence is a hard necessity to which one must be subject, if required by fatherland. "I thought," she said, "that in opposing the Slovene advance I was also favouring the religious question but I was not able to satisfy myself on this point which concerned me deeply. I hoped that in the infinite goodness of God, the question might be left open ; maybe I have loved Italy more than I have loved my soul."

When Italy capitulated, the Partisans came down from the mountains and occupied Split ; Maria and other Italians took refuge first in a school, then in a church. One hundred and six Italians, including the school supervisor were killed and buried

six kilometres from the town. Witnesses testified to the courage and resourcefulness with which Maria cheered and comforted her fellow fugitives. But the Partisans only held Split for 17 days, for the Germans arrived. A handful of Italians holding out on the Marian hill were shelled by German Stukas; the remnant passed from Yugoslav hands into the captivity of their former ally.

We get an amazing picture of the confusion in Split where four different armies contested for its possession. The Ustashe, the Croat Quislings, had hoped that, with the defeat of the Italians and the Partisans, Split would be theirs. The Germans taught them quickly that they were mistaken. But Maria had an obsession, which had nothing to do with contemporary politics . . . she wished above all to exhume the bodies of her martyred Italian comrades, "who had written a last page in the tragic history of Italians in Dalmatia." First of all she appealed to the Ustasha commander to permit the exhumation, but he refused to dig more than the first trench where six murdered Ustashe were buried; he was a Croat as well as an Ustasha and he did not wish to expose the shame of his compatriots. Maria then appealed to the German commander, who allowed her to use the Sanitary Corps in which the Italian prisoners had been enrolled. The Italians had been buried five miles from the town, for the thin Dalmatian soil only accommodates itself in places to mass-burials. They marched there with spades and dug till their task was completed and they were faint with exhaustion. They worked without masks though the bodies had been buried for a month only. Maria identified many of the bodies and informed their relatives. Her further adventures till she arrived in Pola and slowly formed the plan for the assassination were described at length at her trial. It is easy, I think, to picture her desperation and horror when she learnt that that Italian culture, for whose extension down the Dalmatian coast she had worked so hard, was now to be withdrawn even from those domestic 'most Italian' lands where it had existed in the coastal towns of Istria for over 2,000 years. She recalls how in Pola the Italians wandered round the streets in consternation, crying "What are we to do? where are we to go?", and how boatloads of many thousands sailed off from all the Istrian ports to unknown destinations. No doubt it was impossible for them to believe that the Yugoslavs would treat them any better than they themselves had been treated

when Italy was dominant in the Quarnero. It was then that Maria's great gesture against the Big Four was planned and successfully accomplished.

In the Italian press its repercussions were wide enough, and Gianini as an orator surpassed himself, he quoted Montesquieu and Stendhal and Shakespeare, Rousseau and Bentham to prove that only by such an act could a sensitive soul draw the attention of a callous unreflecting world to so much human suffering. "In their egoism and their political compromises, the governments respond with a wall of silence and indifference to the huge human tragedy which is happening." He quoted J. P. Sartre, "there is something anguishing for each of us in the act of creating under compulsion an existence of which we are not any more masters and of ceasing to be ourselves and becoming people, tribe, fatherland, nation. This fragmentation and dissolution of the ego leads to anguish and explains the actions dictated by anguish."

In the court a careful and learned report by two psychologists was presented as evidence. With a different emphasis it spoke, as Sartre had spoken through the mouth of Gianini, of the dissolution of the ego but this process seemed to the psychologists in her case diseased and pathological. They discussed her endocrine imbalance and her suspicious egotistical nature. By a crescendo of altruistic sublimations and self-projections, she had identified herself first on a personal level with her comrades, then with her province, then with her country. She was on the way to identifying herself with Western Civilisation. Yet the psychologists should surely have owned that these stages, except the last, which is at present only adumbrated in most minds, represent a normal, if reprehensible, course of development. It was the disaster which had befallen Istria which was abnormal. There is powerful evidence that to the vast majority of Italian Nationalists, Maria is a heroine, not a pathological freak. The psychologists did not bring their argument to its proper conclusion which would have brought all nationalism, American and British as well as Italian, into disrepute and cost them their jobs. For it follows that in the extension of our sympathies, or, as the psychologists say, the dissolution of our ego, there is a limit beyond which it is unwise to proceed. We are not emotionally qualified to identify ourselves with large masses of men. Such an identification, unless it is, as with most men, perfunctory and shallow, will only lead to helpless and futile acts of anguish.

While Maria Pasquinelli remained on the level of comradeship, she was capable and kind; it was when she tried to see herself as Istria, Italy, Western Civilisation, that she felt a challenge to which there was no response on the level of ordinary social intercourse. She could only make a wild gesture of despair.

On the national plane there is no clear way in which the enmity of Slav and Italian can be ended, for it has been inflamed by twenty years of Fascist oppression and a terrible Slav revenge. It is only on the plane of comradeship that reconciliation is possible. The makeshift comradeship of communism provides a temporary appeasement. In Fiume and Trieste on May Day thousands of Italian workmen marched contentedly behind Slav banners and slogans in the Slovene and Croat tongues. They have merged their differences certainly but less than ever are they masters of the new existence which they have created under compulsion. Sartre would seem to suggest that men can be themselves and associate spontaneously with each other only by escaping from the wider more abstract loyalties. Yet the comrades in the processions have accepted a loyalty more engrossing and more widely shared than those they abandoned. They are advancing amicably to a further stage in that dissolution of the ego, which the psychologists deplored.

## BOUNCING US INTO BELIEF\*

*By R. L. Mégroz.*

CREDIBILITY in fiction is no doubt a relatively important quality: it must depend much upon the varying response of different readers. A story cannot be interesting unless it is convincing, but credibility is an extremely vague test unless we assume the good reader as well as the good writer. Joseph Conrad, whose works have been put back into circulation since the war, is the kind of imaginative author who, whether deliberately or unintentionally, creates a world more intensely real to many readers than the ordinary world of individual experience. He is perhaps primarily an author for those who can share his concern in the fatalistic dramas of individuals as moral beings. He was a passionate moralist, but this alone does not account

\* Included in the forthcoming volume, 31 *Bedsides Essays*.

for his distinctive quality. The motives that shaped his imagination were, like a poet's, too involved and deep for direct statement and led him, an ironic sceptic, into outlandish realms for adequate symbolism. Conrad's fiction acquires credibility by combining fantasy and realism, which become inextricable in his prose.

I have often regretted that Mr. E. M. Forster, in his helpful *Aspects of the Novel*, allowed his insight to stop short at the statement that the final test of the author's success is his ability to "bounce" us into belief. Yet the phrase does insist upon the story-teller's freedom to pitch any yarn he likes, so long as he can gain the reader's assent. Without confusing "truth" and "truth to life" we can, sustained by Conrad's tales, begin by admitting the importance of "truth to life." Conrad's most improbable stories are reasonable statements of recognisable fact compared with many of the best fantastic tales in English fiction, and yet the dream-like symbolism is in them too. The reason for what has been called Conrad's realism is the "fidelity to the truth of my own sensations" which he imposed upon himself as a guiding rule of craftsmanship. For all his profound sense of mystery and fear, or rather because of it, Conrad resolutely turned away from all suggestions of supernatural agencies. There is not even a ghost, not one poor ghost, in his fiction, for the apparition of the husband she had just murdered, which appeared to the poor demented woman in *The Idiots*, is presented as a natural freak of imagination, and the author even explains it away beforehand by letting us see the face of one of her idiot children, who looked round the boulder against which she was crouching. The mere suggestion of a reviewer that *The Shadow Line* was a story of the supernatural roused Conrad in his "Author's Note" to a denunciation of such "manufactured things." By its emphasis this denunciation confirms a belief that his avoidance of the supernatural was partly an expression of a thrilling awareness of sufficiently awful realities on our own plane. Conrad's Polish childhood was one long lesson in the fearfulness of a universe indifferent, if not positively antagonistic, to the human heart.

An author may cherish the consciously sceptical attitude to "supernatural" events and yet embody them in imaginative stories. Sir Walter Scott, whose "Wandering Willie's Tale" has been described by some over-enthusiastic readers and critics as the best of all ghost stories ever written, preferred ghosts to have a natural explanation. If we are to believe Thomas Moore,

he objected to Samuel Rogers telling a ghost story and not providing any such explanation. He would tell of seeing the ghost of Byron as a story against himself, including the sense of conviction he felt, and how he discovered that the moonlight falling on some drapery had been the cause of the apparition. Scott would have been aware of the old ideas about seeing people's "doubles," and he was sensitive enough to the ancient fear of such omens, we may suppose, to write with conviction of the supernatural. "Wandering Willie's Tale" is not a "manufactured thing" even if the folklore element of weirdness might suggest the term "pre-manufactured."

In the work of Walter de la Mare is found an interest in human behaviour which springs from a moral passion perhaps less casuistical than Conrad's, and also a more predominant fantastic element which demands the most subtle expression to retain credibility, but Henry James was the first modern master of prose fiction who appealed to the sophisticated reader on psychological grounds to experience incredible events. De la Mare's fiction being more persistently fantastic shows more readily the genuine, personal element of the fantasy. As in dreams this is reflected by the tendency to repeat certain imagery and atmosphere. A fairly obvious example is afforded by comparing "A Recluse," in *On the Edge* with "Mr. Kempe" in *The Connoisseur*. Both Mr. Kempe and Mr. Bloom (the recluse) live alone in a solitary house which their personality has filled with a repulsive and sinister atmosphere, and the atmosphere each time is conveyed through the narrative of a traveller who found himself in the house and left it quicker than he entered. Mr. Kempe seems to be a monomaniac experimenter with souls, and his favourite method of amassing material (so the narrative hints) is to exert a mental influence on solitary strangers who go by way of a dangerous sea-cliff path opposite the house so that he can nicely know the moment of their death when they fall. Such a crude statement of Mr. Kempe's amiable ambitions conveys nothing of the eerie suggestions in the rambling but subtle narrative, but it calls to mind the bald facts vouchsafed to us about Mr. Bloom. Mr. Kempe has lost his wife; this oily-mannered, well fed, somewhat elderly Mr. Bloom has recently lost his private secretary, a young man who assisted him in spiritualistic experiments. The narrator is stranded for a night in his house, and has to sleep in the late secretary's room. He

leaves early next morning, precipitately, and yet the things that frightened him could have been as natural as the moonlight effect that Scott mistook for Byron's ghost. Scott would not have approved of de la Mare's suggestions of the inexplicable, and indeed it may be that for many readers de la Mare is not always sufficiently credible. Such readers, less ready to be susceptible to the verbal suggestions of the style, will be more moved by the stories that are nearer to daily life. "Missing," for instance, in *The Connoisseur* volume, is told by a narrator who found himself in a London tea-shop one Saturday afternoon during a heat-wave, when "a heavy slumbrousness muffled the place." The dull and commonplace setting is a device like that of "Crewe" in *On the Edge*, where the narrator is another solitary and sensitive traveller who has to listen, in a depressing railway waiting room to the babblings of a queer stranger—babblings which gradually take on a more definite and unpleasant tinge, until at last the narrator gets rid of his unpleasant confider. Mr. Blake, the stranger, is at least morally, a murderer. In the tea-shop in "Missing" the narrator's attention is engaged by a curious character sitting at another table. The author's extraordinary gift for suggesting a personality by describing externals is used here as a kind of prologue to the sinister confessions which the stranger is about to pour out. Without definitely admitting anything, that gentleman describes how he brought about the "disappearance" of a Miss Dutton who had, well, got on his nerves. These are more like Conrad's improbable stories, and they convince because with the realism of fact there goes an insight into the fabulous mysteries of the human heart. Some degree of the same awareness must be in the most fantastic tales also to make us suspend disbelief.

It is evident that the events in a story need not be probable, or even credible by themselves. Could anything be more improbable than the events in H. W. Wells' *First Men in the Moon* (and how many of his stories!); Henry James's *Sense of the Past*; G. K. Chesterton's *Napoleon of Notting Hill*; J. D. Beresford's *The Camdenshire Wonder*; Olaf Stapleton's *First and Last Men*; M. P. Shiel's *The Purple Cloud*; E. H. Viziak's *Medusa*; Charles Morgan's *Portrait in a Mirror*; Charles Williams' *The Place of the Lion*; Neil Bell's *Precious Porcelain*; E. H. W. Meyerstein's *Grobo*; T. F. Powys' *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* (to name no more of the Powys family's works); Osbert Sitwell's *The Man Who*

*Lost Himself*; or half a dozen of Chris Massie's novels? These examples make a far from exhaustive list of novels confined to the twentieth century, and take no account of the more significant of the short story writers of our time who have made the extravagantly incredible believable. This age is falsely supposed to be more "materialistic" (in the bad sense) than former ages, but the best of our literature of entertainment suggests that we are deeply interested in the mystery that surrounds our mere existence. The fiction writers to satisfy the sophisticated modern mind have to call upon all the resources of the art of prose, so that the willing suspension of disbelief that we accord to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" shall become more than this negative attitude: if we are "bounced" into belief, it is only when we can recognise that we are responding to certain absolute though perhaps undefined truths. We cannot share a vision which has not been truly experienced by the artist.

## AN AUTUMN DAY

*By Stanislaus Lynch*

NATURE is beautiful, even when growing old. This morning Her russet-flecked trees are clusters of dappled loveliness, twinkling fresh-washed with the dew of a hesitating dawn. Frail wisps of gossamer, hidden like the hedgerow's many secrets, cling valiantly to Her rain-pearls, determined to retain these treasures they have gathered until they can offer them up to the rising Sun. Up on the mountains the mists sweep along the gorse-covered domes like the grey mantles of fantastic giants who are hurrying homewards after their night of rambling. The Sun, tired after his long Summer, seems timorous of throwing his full radiance on a countryside that is just discarding its Summer raiment and seems rather shy of looking at even a suggestion of nature in her negligee.

Away up the hillside, things that are very close to nature are stirring to life. Rabbits are out. Gay little bunnies, some breakfast contentedly, young graziers gambol rollickingly, while one sensible ancient sits with paws a-cup performing his morning

ablutions with meticulous precision. Cattle decide it is time to rise from their cosy lairs ; leaving ovals of emerald-green in the glistening pasture, they stretch their great bodies, heads outwards, tails circled across their haunches, and then begin to feed. Rooks in the high wood are growing talkative as if having roll-call prior to their flight to a neighbouring cornfield. Out where the dew-silvered aftergrass is sprinkled with red clover, the sheep carve a criss-cross of trails as they nibble hurriedly at breakfast.

Down in the valley man adds his presence to the things of nature. His appearance does not desecrate the scene, for he is milking a white cow under a beautiful but lonely-looking hawthorn that will befriend the Winter robins, for it is heavy-laden and red with haws. Out in the distance the faint, faint twang of a hunting-horn calls hounds home after their morning's Cub-hunting. The sturdy little chimney of a nestling cottage has begun its daily output of turf-scented smoke spirals. Chickens in the farmyard clamour noisily for breakfast. Pigs are impelled by a similar idea. Carts rattle along to the bog ; children are dawdling to school, and morning, that has provided inspiration for countless poetic rhapsodies, gathers up her few belongings and with a polished graciousness acquired by endless rehearsal, retires.

A thatcher is at work, guarding against the storms of Winter. The white-washed cottage seems to ignore the rush of modern times and is peacefully resigned to snuggle contentedly in its old-world mantle of russet creeper. A few late buds of the ramblers make a brave show of colour. How sad 'twould be if garish tiles should altogether supersede the artistic cosiness of the thatcher's work ! How deft'y does this master-hand perform his task ! On a stone-propped ladder that reaches from ground to rigging, he kneels ; a bundle of straw before him, simple home-made tools stuck here and there in the soft thatch, working away and occasionally lilting a few bars of a song. Beyond the ladder a little green gate is flanked by nasturtiums, whose heads often remind one of the horns used on old phonographs. Cheerful little blossoms making a gallant display of colour. Through the wicket, one glimpses another ladder propped against the gnarled branches of an apple-tree.

From a cornfield men are removing hand-stacks of oats to build them into a mighty rick in the haggard in readiness for the thresher. The crop must have been storm-tossed before cutting, for the yellow stubbles are whorls and swaths of twisted unevenness

giving the field the appearance of an oriental tray of old brass, fantastically carved. A finch perched on a hedge, sings joyously, as if conceited by the knowledge that his solitary listener enjoys the musical recital and one feels sure he would come and repeat it anytime. . . if one only knew how to ask him ! Across the hill, the steady throb of a threshing-machine almost drowns the modulating rumble of the thresher itself ; which purrs along evenly at times, then slows down to a laboured hum as the sheaves are fed too quickly to the drum. Up from the village comes the clinking ring of a blacksmith's hammer flinging defiance in the teeth of encroaching mechanisation. Then, from the little Church below comes the soft toll of the Angelus. A labourer ceases his potato-digging, fetches his coat, carries it on his arm and starts homewards to dinner . . . bare-headed.

The bog beyond the village is a busy place. With a clean wind blowing and intermittent sunshine, the passes have dried allowing the workers to barrow their turf from the clamps to the waiting carts. Over in the "cut-away", waist deep in rushes, two fowlers are walking for snipe . . . with always the chance of a stray teal or duck who might prefer to stay near home in spite of the intruding turf-savers. A donkey, released from his labours, tumbles on the road by the bog and seems annoyed that a motorist should disturb his very ancient source of amusement. School-children halt occasionally in their noisy home-coming to pick an inviting blackberry, but their gathering is only a half-hearted affair, as the fad has worn off, most of the berries being rancidly over-ripe. A man in jodhpurs is driving a restive but good-looking horse in long reins. He chooses a busy road, untarred as yet, to make his charge accustomed to traffic.

Down in the big woodlands, Autumn ignores the litter laws of modern days but she does so with such magnificent abandon that one does not feel like calling her to order . . . even if one could. A blackbird's noisy proclamation warns the wood inhabitants of the presence of an intruder. A startled rabbit scurries away, his white scut disappearing in a growth of dying nettles that seem smitten with potato blight. A horse chestnut, ripened and matured, drops fussily from above to start its new life in the tangled undergrowth. Leaves of wind-brushed poplars make uncalled-for chatter among the silent dignity of the tall pines. Up an old laurel-bordered pathway the grass seems to doggedly resist the encroachment of road makers ; further on, in the clearing,

the grass has completely won its battle, as though it wished to preserve, unspoiled, a carpet of emerald surroundings for a magnificent copper beech.

Along the pools of the river, Autumn mists are early heralds of the approaching night. A tattered willow, half submerged, has collected an amber-coloured lather of foam. Along the bank, baugherlawns have discarded their vivid yellow heads for the fluffy whiteness of their prolific seed pods. Brown trout, the flash of whose dapples could make one, some months ago, forget such prosaic things as hunger and time, are drowsy now and are turning their thoughts to the small rivers for spawning. Along a boreen, a little boy whistles merrily as he drives home the cows for the night. Startlingly, a dog barks. Viciously, for a time ; and then, as suddenly, grows silent. Brown shapes hop out from a bank. Rabbits ; furtive little fellows, only venturing a yard or so from the bank ; for it is not yet dark enough to enjoy their evening meal in safety. A pair of goats contentedly chewing their cud, have lain down for the night, cosy in the shelter of high brown ferns that look almost purple in the gloaming. Out on the rim of the valley, kindly old wind-bent larches, with down-stretched arms have tenderly lowered the sun into the cradle of night. A teal swoops down from nowhere : white undersides gleam as he alters his course, lightly as the flick of a duster. Overhead, a swift whirr of wings. Though one carefully watches the dim skyline, it is only by their flute-like note one can identify them as golden plover. A rhythmic wing-stroke, high, in the heavens. No need to watch for the arrow-head formation : storms are at sea ; the geese are flying inland : inland to the safety of this quiet glen and the lake below it.

When the last glimmer of twilight drops behind the fading hills and the friendly murmur of the river is hushed in shrouds of mist, one must leave this enchanted glen to God's little creatures and to fairies, and turn one's footsteps towards the twinkling lights on the hillside that call one home and seal, by their very appearance, the end of an Autumn Day.

# DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

*By A. J. Leventhal*

PORTRAIT OF MIRIAM. By Michéal MacLiammoir. Gaiety Theatre.

VOLPONE, or THE FOX. By Ben Jonson. Gate Theatre.

ARMLET OF JADE. By The Earl of Longford. Gate Theatre.

LOVE AND POLITICS: Two Plays. By Charles Fenn. Wide World Press, Hong Kong.

Michéal MacLiammoir must be counted among that rare band whose activities are essentially esthetic and who must find self-expression in varying forms of art. He is painter, actor, scene designer, storyteller, autobiographer and playwright. His variousness, because of its restriction to art forms, prevents him from qualifying for application of the Augustan couplet that would have made him all mankind's epitome, for living and its attendant realities seem to be only occasional handmaidens to his art. He is a romantic relying on fancy and whimsy for the appeal of his early pictures and to make his plays pleasurable plausible. So it happens that he does not go to the tea-shop or tavern or even to the newspaper for his *tranches de vie* where they may be relished or hated or just coldly observed but seeks his inspiration in earlier or contemporary works of art. These he has absorbed to the extent of making them part of his being and his acting intuition helps him to live vicariously in the creation of other artists. Thus we have the explanation of the echoes in *Ill-met by Moonlight* of Barrie voices, a too slavish imitation of Dunne via Priestley's time-capers; whilst the slick epigrams are all too easily awarded an Oscar.

In *Portrait of Miriam* I find that MacLiammoir has, to some extent, rid himself of the burden of his esthetic experience. I cannot agree with those critics who insist that his borrowings are plentiful. Except for the obvious comparison with Daphne Du Maurier's *Rebecca* and a pardonable similarity to the opening of Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*, the play not only does not derive from established models but breaks new ground technically. There is nothing of the well made play which has hitherto been this playwright's goal and which he might have been expected to repeat without difficulty. The acts are impeccable as regards timing but the curtains fall not so much on dramatic lines that neatly round off a climax carefully built up but at a point where the interest is quickened to dramatic possibilities.

*Portrait of Miriam* is more narrative than play and might be said to be presented as a serial in three installments. It is not on that account less interesting and despite an evitable lack of action the characters, the unusual situation and the ultimate *dénouement* provide intelligent entertainment. Interest is immediately aroused from the moment at the beginning of the play when the strangely assorted passengers descend from their broken-down bus on the seemingly deserted country household and the characters begin to expose their personalities. The burglarious entry of Osmonde Burden, the owner of the house, is admirably

timed to save us from becoming too intimate with the unsavoury members of the party and too bored with the brighter ones. No character was allowed to develop an idea or reach a logical conclusion. It was like being in a club whose members tacitly barred the discussion of politics and religion. It seemed right in this play of atmosphere dominated by the mysteriously shrouded painting that there should be aroused in the audience a sense of frustration caused by truncated conversational debates, natural enough among strangers accidentally thrown together but who might quite easily meet each other again.

The second act, in which Burden tells his strange tale of ill-treatment by his wife and explains the covering of her portrait, calls for great skill on the part of the actor who dominates the whole scene. Hilton Edwards bears this burden admirably and we are skilfully prepared for the final revelation of his madness and the non-existence of the portrait.

It is not a great play but one well worth doing and which suggests that the author has reached an experimental stage in the sense that he no longer limits himself to tried theatrical tricks but is trying to find a vehicle for his art that will bear an escutcheon unmistakably his own.

The acting was generally good and, apart from Hilton Edwards, Nora O'Mahony as Mrs. Gilmartin the housekeeper, Betsy Brogues as a slightly tarnished young lady, were particularly prominent. Meriel Moore had a small part. This was disconcerting as she was expected to take possession of the stage at any moment.

Acting in Dublin is of a fairly high standard, even among amateurs. The recent literary storming of the Abbey Theatre Bastille revealed that much of the weakness of production was due to the migration of actors to take up more remunerative posts abroad. This brought about the calling upon amateurs to join the depleted professional companies. As a consequence it is difficult for amateur societies to carry on. I remember one such society that began its career a few years ago in a mews off Baggot Street where its first and only performance was Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. It was a riotous affair in modern dress with Friendly matches and flannel trousers whilst a cricket stump did service for a sword. I particularly recall the acting of Valentin Iremonger who played a scintillating Mosca. Had the society lived it might have suggested other revivals to some of our companies who seem benefit of ideas.

This does not apply to Lord Longford's group of players who have wheedled the town into an appreciation of Restoration drama and added Molière (bared of Kiltartan) to Dublin playgoers' fare. A lovely performance of *Volpone* must now go down on the credit side of this company's theatrical ledger. True, here and there, rapidity of speech, acceptable in modern prose plays but annoying in unfamiliar Elizabethan verse, marred complete enjoyment of Ben's rarity. Yet much must be forgiven to a company unused to verse-speaking and no doubt acting under the mistaken notion that the sense of poetic line should be lost for the sake of a quickened dramatic tempo. Be that as it may, Maurice O'Brien in the title part, despite his odd good looks and youthful figure, mimed delightfully. There is no real depth in Jonson's characters; they are as two-dimensional as a Japanese painting and Maurice O'Brien's Fox careered cunningly over the scene to be inevitably trapped by the lay figures of virtue and justice.

The Elizabethan medical "humour" or moisture theory of phlegm, blood, choler and melancholy deciding by their predominance particular human frailties or eccentricities, was clearly in Ben's mind when he wrote *Volpone*. His types come much nearer to those of Molière than to any other dramatist and his fun can likewise be paralleled by the latter's farce. Since the play deals with "humours" (we would call them complexes to-day in our fondness for psychological jargon) and since human foibles are demonstrated by varying and subtly differentiated types, it might have been more exciting if Volpone, Mosca, Voltore, Corbaccio and the rest wore masks to represent fox, fly, vulture, and raven and if the production were treated more like a masque with Elizabethan music. The songs are in the text and might have been more freely used. It was good to hear the dwarf (Maurice Selwyn) trilling a Jonson lyric but it only whetted our appetite for more. Other excisions would have made up for their inclusion so that the limits of playing time were not interfered with. Nevertheless, what we got was good and I liked in addition to those actors already mentioned, Charles Mitchel's unexpectedly robust Corvino if one remembers his piping Sir Andrew in *Twelfth Night* and Aiden Grennell's courageously comic Sir Politic. Eve Watkinson was not altogether at home in the depthless vapidities of Lady Wouldbe; her's is a talent that cries out for meatier stuff.

*Volpone* was well dressed but was sartorially dull compared with the magnificence of *Armlet of Jade*. This excursion by Lord Longford into the Tang dynasty of the eighth century was well worth reviving and the production will be long remembered for Kay Casson's settings and Iris Lawler's impressive, sparkling performance as Yang Kuei-Fei, which, I take it, is the Chinese for Armlet of Jade. Both Maurice O'Brien and Blake Gifford stood out in a cast uniformly good, save that the voices could have been more highly pitched, many words with the sense of sentence being entirely lost.

There is one small complaint about Longford Productions' programme which may be worth making. It is that there is no indication anywhere of the date of performance. Programmes, like playbills, are frequently collected. They have, for example, value for the history of the theatre, and the activities of the players. But this value recedes if the programme is not dated. Surely it should be possible to give the year, month and day of the first performance however long the play may run.

*Love and Politics* is the title given to two plays by Charles Fenn. Whether they can be produced here is questionable but they should be read for their unusual background. Lord Longford loves the red lacquer of ancient China but Mr. Fenn moves in the less magnificent Shanghai of to-day. He writes from the native viewpoint and by stressing Western crudities and lack of comprehension of the Eastern idiom of living, he must eventually shame British and Americans into making an effort to curb the aggressiveness which, curiously enough, is more noticeable in those people who voyage further despite the cliché about the broadening influence of travel.

## Art Notes

*By Edward Sheehy.*

PAINTINGS BY JACK B. YEATS. The Victor Waddington Galleries.

FELIKS TOPOLSKI'S DRAWINGS, GOUACHE AND OTHER MEDIUMS. The Victor Waddington Galleries.

PAINTINGS BY PATRICK HENNESSY, A.R.H.A. The Dublin Painters' Gallery.

TAISBEANTAIS ÉALADHAN. An tOireachtas. Charlemont House.

JOHN KEATING, R.H.A. Drawings, Oils and other Mediums. The Victor Waddington Galleries.

It has always been accepted by the pundits that great art is inimitable, that the work of a genius carries his unique signature. That belief has been seriously shaken by the contemporary Dutch painter whose confessed forgeries were accepted as such only after he had given indisputable demonstration of his ability to produce Vermeers which were not Vermeers, and yet were indistinguishable from the works of that master in use of colour, line, surface texture, every technical nicety. These were not copies of existing pictures, but new works whose spirit, as far as the most experienced of experts could judge, was the spirit of Vermeer. As it was a choice for him between proving himself a traitor or a forger, he chose the latter and was rewarded with a jail sentence, which I confess to finding rather harsh. On the other hand I have heard it argued that this painter must be accepted as being as great as Vermeer since he produced works which gave rise to the same delight in their perfection as the works of the master.

Without denying the amazing virtuosity of his achievement, and shelving the hypothesis of reincarnation, this attitude is demonstrably false. It is interesting only in so far as it is symptomatic of the attitude of those who think the chief end of painting to be the provision of "garniture and household stuff"; to whom a painting is a beautiful object and its possession a pleasure. To those a genuine Vermeer and an indistinguishable forgery are equally valuable. But painting has another function quite separate and distinct from the intrinsic value of its real products, the pictures. Every great painting is an essay in discovery. Within the scope of his medium the great painter adds to the total of human sensibility. He teaches a deeper understanding of life and nature as observed and felt. A painter is great in proportion as his discovery is unique. Once made it can never be made again while the civilisation to which it contributed subsists, any more than we can have a new discoverer of the internal combustion engine or the radio-telegraph. It is precisely in that contribution that the greatness of a painter consists and in that also is he inimitable.

Painting, or indeed any art, I believe to be inextricably bound up with its time, both growing out of it and giving to it. This brilliant forger is merely doing more blatantly, more expertly and indeed, more honestly what thousands of accomplished academicians are doing all over the world. There are times when the academic calm is a falsity. At such a time, and I think the present is one, the painter who reflects the uncertainties, the lack of faith, the unrest, the

broken vision are more sincere than those who continue to reflect a bygone vision or reproduce a no longer tenable synthesis. Applying the standard criterion the academic critic asks if the works of such a painter will live, which is to ask if the collectors of five hundred years hence will hoard them and value them at many thousands of pounds. The answer, I think, is no. I doubt if even the greatest of them will live in that way; but they will undoubtedly live in their contributions to a new age, if this civilisation is destined to have one.

It shows a complete lack of comprehension of the work of Jack B. Yeats to suggest, as was done in a recent piece of newspaper criticism, that the recognisable form in his pictures was superfluous or irrelevant; that in other words, he should become completely abstract. In Yeats' pictures form and colour have their mutual origin in the same emotion. Even where the form has become dissolved as in a bath of fire, or drowned in multitudinous shadow, it still bears the unmistakable sign of something once observed with acute emotional intensity. Yeats is not just an abstract colourist in whom the passion for colour seizes on any random subject for the exercise. His pictures have a unity in which form and colour both contribute to the creation of a mood, that rises out of life, of things known and remembered or transmuted in dream. The blinding colour of *Above the Fair* has all the sights and sounds, the movement and the gaiety of its subject intensified in their transmission to canvas. In *The Dawn* (at the Oireachtas) the two figures are human in every gesture of their repose against the dark of the river, the sullen walls and the sudden blinding light of the dawn above the wavering rooftops of the sleeping city. But Yeats is in a category by himself. His vision is the vision of a poet, a Romantic poet whom the noble gesture, the momentary vision, the sadness of things past move to paint with concentrated intensity.

If Jack B. Yeats is a poet, Feliks Topolski is a journalist, a superb journalist with a shade too much bravura for his talents. As a draughtsman he has a bold and expressive line and his eye for movement is excellent. There my agreement with Maurice Collis' appreciative introduction ends. I do not relish the portraits that emerge out of what appears to be protracted doodling with the pen and ink; while the same process, translated into magenta and white in his *Homage to Jack B. Yeats* is deplorable in its result. In his Irish drawings we find the typical journalistic attitude which composes the final picture and an accumulation of curious types, often preconceived, piquant contrasts or quaint incidents. The juxtaposition of plunging shorthorns and Georgian buildings in *Dublin: Cattle Market Day* is such a contrast. Of his drawings I liked best his *Customs House Steps* where the artist is obviously seeing with his own eye and not with that of Joyce or O'Casey or Somerville and Ross.

In the larger works the synthesis is certainly not that of art. In *Chunking 1944* or *Egyptian Tableau* there is accumulation of detail and a formidable accumulation of observations. But these are not fused by any act of either heart or intellect. I agree with Mr. Collis where he says that these larger works "require to be read rather than enjoyed in the passive way one enjoys the colour texture and design of pictures that have no subject beyond the way they are painted." But this is merely to say that Topolski is a recorder of events and that one must not expect to enjoy the technique of presentation, which is to say that he is essentially a pictorial journalist. All I have seen of his work does not

suggest Mr. Collis' "solitary genius" and I sincerely hope not his "beginning of a new movement."

Patrick Hennessy continues to be accomplished, paints with studious care in coldly subdued tones and is superb as a painter of texture. (In *The Brazilian Oranges* you can almost hear the rustle of the tissue wrappings.) His every picture is self-contained and unified in treatment and theme; and, as in *Voyage autour de ma chambre*, he can be a colourist of subtlety and beauty. But his curious and consistent vision puzzles and repels me. He seems to have the power of infecting even the most commonplace objects with a feeling of doom, death and decay. His apples and roses seem imprisoned in a limbo of threateningly inanimate things, in rooms where the light of the sun has never entered. It is not merely his choice milieu; the raftered attic, or his props, the weathered timber, the iron bedstead, the grimy mantelpiece that crush my spirit. After all, those very objects were painted joyously by Van Gogh and Cezanne and Bonnard. But Hennessy paints them as if they belonged not to life or the sun, but the half-light of some unquiet dream. I wonder why.

I wish the Oireachtas authorities would leave the untranslatable alone and print the catalogue uniformly in Roman type. The exhibition was a vast improvement on those of previous years and most of our well-known painters were well represented. Maurice McGonigal's *Cloch Liath, Co. Cill Manntain* is to me one of his finest works, a landscape in greys and blues realising the full beauty of diffused autumn light with at its heart the singing scarlet of a rowan-tree in berry. James Sleator has a very lovely still-life, quiet, subdued, the textures sensitively realised. I liked Kathleen Fox's small picture of pale pink rhododendrons, painted with unusual simplicity and tenderness. Cecil Salkeld's *Cogar Cluaise* I found disappointing, naively sentimental and literary in the worst sense, all the more so because of its highly accomplished painting. Elizabeth Rivers' series of pictures with the Ark as theme were lively and pleasantly ingenuous and I liked Nano Reid's bold and simple portrait of Carl Hardebeck.

It has become a truism to say that John Keating is a superb draughtsman. Occasionally one gets the same excitement from his line as one gets from the perfect phrase of music. At this exhibition, among the drawings, there were many such sources of delight: the hands in *Hymn to Orpheus*, the tilt of the head in *Bridé* (No. 1), the turn of a girl's foot in *Conversation Piece*; but in justice I must confess that the pleasure was largely confined to the detail. The pictures painted on board ship I found disappointing in their literalness, as though the experience had not been assimilated. Of the oils, I liked best the honest and simply-painted *Self-Portrait* and an interior, warm with generations of living, called *The Cradle of the Race..*

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

*J. M. Synge. The Aran Islands.*

In my notes on the bibliography of Synge (DUBLIN MAGAZINE, Jan.-March, 1942) I referred to the existence of copies of the first edition of this book, dated 1906. I have now obtained a copy of the 1906 issue, and I have compared the two. Save for the date on the title page, 1906 for 1907, the text of the two issues is identical.—But there are differences in the covers.

The 1906 cover is of a darker blue than that of 1907, and the distance between the two lines at the top of the spine and between the two at the bottom is, in both instances, slightly more in the case of the 1906 edition.

*An Irish Commentator on Shakespeare.*

Jaggard records (page 227 of his bibliography) an anonymous book, "New Exegesis of Shakespeare, Interpretation of his principal characters and plays on the principle of Races," published at Edinburgh in 1859. My copy of this is a presentation copy from the author to John O'Donovan, with a long letter, from which it appears that his name was J. O'Connell, and that he lived in London. In his letter he refers to himself as an Irishman, and he discloses that a long quotation on page 270 from "a learned Irishman" is from O'Donovan who, in the letter to the author from which the quotation is taken "rates the Celt as inferior to the Saxon"—with which view the author does not agree. The book afterwards belonged to W. F. Starkie, Commissioner of Education, and he, in a note, refers to the author as John O'Connell. He was not, of course, O'Connell's son John, who died in 1858.

*Byron's Poem to Tom Moore.*

Byron's poem *My boat is on the Shore* was written in 1817 and first published in *The Traveller*, of 8th January, 1821. In a little book in my possession, *The Poetical works of Moore*, published at Zwickau in 1821 in a series "Pocket Library of English Classics," there appears a version which differs slightly from the accepted version. In a short life of Moore the editor writes:—

The following verses were addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Thomas Moore, and are in circulation amongst a few of Mr. Moore's select friends. Their authenticity is undoubted.

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea;  
But ere I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh for those I love,  
And a smile for those I hate,  
And, whatever be above,  
Here's a heart, for any fate.

Tho' the oceans roar around me,  
It still shall bear me on;  
Tho' a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,  
As I gasped on the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirits fell,  
Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,  
 The libation I would pour  
 Should be—Love to thee and thine,  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

It will be seen that there are variations in every verse from the standard version, and this may well be held to be taken from a manuscript copy, of which there were probably a number in circulation.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Translator of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. By Alfred McKinley Terhune. Oxford University Press. 21s.

In these days when biographers borrow their methods from fiction and their lurid titles from the cinema, it is pleasant to find a book which avoids passing fashion. Mr. Alfred McKinley Terhune is an American scholar, and we may suspect that he has reacted from that form of violent picturesqueness which has come to us across the Atlantic. Unfortunately, Mr. Terhune has gone to the other extreme: he has familiarized himself so thoroughly with the Victorian age that he has acquired unconsciously some of the characteristics of the Victorians themselves. There were abnormal traits in Edward Fitzgerald and it would be possible to discuss them to-day without embarrassment, but Mr. Terhune maintains a determined and bland silence.—Even the subject of Fitzgerald's secret scepticism fills him with such nervous alarm that he hastens to re-assure us.

As for Fitzgerald himself, the limits of his heterodoxy were scepticism toward the theology of the Old Testament, and uncertainty of a life after death. He never expressed any doubt of the existence of a Supreme Being: he revered and admired Christ; and throughout his life he respected, supported, and defended the Established Church.

That passage might be a parody of Victorian humbug and euphemism, but Mr. Terhune does not mean it as such: in reading the Lives of Tennyson and other eminent Victorians, he has fallen into the style of their respectable biographers.

The extraordinary popularity of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* for so many decades cannot be regarded as a proof of general good taste, a love of poetry for its own sake. We may suspect that the attractiveness of the poem was due to the fact that it gave away an open secret—that a great deal of our belief is merely skin-deep. Here was no dismal doubt, but a genial scepticism as old as civilisation itself, with the eastern setting, the parables and proverbial sayings, which we associate with religion itself. Deliciously shocked and surprised, readers found their own private suspicions set down with astonishing clarity and archness—"what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." Fitzgerald's translations of six of Calderon's plays, despite Mr. Terhune's high

opinion of them, are stilted and would be intolerable if spoken on the stage, but the *Rubáiyát* glows with his own enthusiasm and satisfaction. Shy, timid and repressed, Fitzgerald had at last found and shared with the ancient Persian poet a form of allegory in which he could express himself lyrically to his heart's content and escape trouble. In alarm, scholars of the time tried to explain away the original poem as a mystical allegory, but the mischief had been done and it was too late to pounce on the rose petals.

Both parents of Fitzgerald were Irish but the poet himself took little interest in this country though he paid a few dutiful visits to it. He inherited, however, in full measure the traditional Anglo-Irish wit, and it is a pity that Mr. Terhune did not quote more freely from his copious letters. But there was something desperate in his wit as though it were a weapon of self defence. He was an intimate associate of men of genius such as Tennyson and Thackeray: he amused them, they read out their poems and chapters to him, but none of them ever suspected that 'old Fitz' himself could have any literary aspirations. Having considerable wealth, he was generous to his friends. Indeed he gave Tennyson an income of £300 a year over a considerable period; yet he did not venture to show him his translation of the *Rubáiyát*. Everyone knows how the poem was published anonymously, was a failure, and was discovered by Rossetti. Actually the first person to find the tiny volume on a bookseller's stall was the Celtic scholar, Whitley Stokes. While the younger poets of the Pre-Raphaelite school, with which 'old Fitz' had no sympathy, raved about the poem, Tennyson and Fitzgerald's own friends remained silent.

In many ways Fitzgerald might be described as a 'displaced person.' Even in his politics there was a measure of Irish dissent. Here is a characteristic letter written in 1861 which shows his mental isolation, and at the same time reminds us that the problem of peace worried Victorians as much as us.

I am sure there is no longer any great pleasure living in this Country, so tost with perpetual Alarms as it is. One Day we are all in Arms about France. To-day we are doubting if to-morrow we may not be at War to the Knife with America! I say still, as I used, we have too much Property, Honour, etc., on our Hands: our outward Limbs go on lengthening while our central Heart beats weaklier: I say, as I used, we should give up something before it is forced from us. The World, I think, may justly resent our being and interfering all over the Globe. Once more, I say, would we were a little, peaceful, unambitious, trading Nation.

In his later years Fitzgerald became an eccentric recluse.

This is a sympathetic study and full of interesting detail, but it lacks verve and is conventional in its general tendency.

—M. D.

GARLANDS AND ASH. By Alan White. The Fortune Press. 8s. 6d.

CROSSING THE LINE. By Edward Lowbury. Hutchinson. 6s.

THE BARREN TREE. By Wyn Griffith. Penmark Press. 8s. 6d.

Emotion, natural, generous and strong, is the chief quality in Alan White's verse. He was killed in 1944 and most of the poems in this book are expressions of the feelings aroused in him by the war's effect on others and by his own

part in it. They are immediate statements of his reactions to a situation and experience and, as such, they are often crowded and confused. They are more often drafts of poems than finished work and the strength of his humane feelings, as well as the circumstances in which he was compelled to write, made this almost inevitable, especially for a poet who held that "the poet who feels that he is a poet has the right to reveal to the world his poetry in the form and manner that he chooses, without artifice and unstinted with the spontaneity of his expression." Volumes have been written to little enough purpose for and against that over-simple thesis; but whether one accepts it or not one can accept and value these spontaneous outbursts of indignation and pity and love as the sincere, often highly poetic, utterance of a sensitive, generous and enthusiastic spirit. "Poetry either succeeds or it doesn't, and that is the ultimate test of good poetry" he declared and whether, had he lived beyond his 24 years and disciplined his art, his verse would have gained or lost none now can say. One short quotation must serve to suggest its strength and its weakness. It is from "*Hunger*":

Silently you come:  
the refugee girl sells the flower  
of her body for the simple loaf.  
Silently you come:  
the beggar finally rejects to-morrow,  
plunges with exploded mind,  
and dead by dawn sleeps  
in the river's arms.

Some of Alan White's black and white drawings are included in the book,—bizarre and provocative designs which reveal a humorist and satirist of quality.

*Crossing The Line* won a share in the "United Nations £1,000 Competition." Mr. Lowbury proclaims no faith in any such romantic heresy as Alan White; his verse is thoughtful, quiet, and after the intensity and crowding vigour of "*Garlands and Ash*" it seems a little tame. The poems are workmanlike enough and often there stands out a line of arresting shrewdness and precision; but they are keyed low and the expression is often prosaic. Mr. Lowbury is serious and concerned with serious matters yet his verse does not seem to spring from the fundamental, urgent, poetic seriousness of such a writer as Alan White. He is at his best in pieces where a certain lack of weight suits his subject as in "*Blackbirds*":

Look how those blackbirds present bills to the angry sky,  
And get as much out of heaven as a bird needs!  
Here, for hours at a time in the rain, torrents of song  
Pour from uplifted bills, drops big as beads  
Sprinkle the lawn, and the rain doesn't dry them up . . . .

Wyn Griffith's poetry stands somewhere between the rather undistinguished sanity of Edward Lowbury's and the divine untidy fervour of Alan White's. That is to imply that he is a more accomplished writer than either of them, which is true. He is, of course, more experienced: the poems in *The Barren Tree* are selected from the output of twenty-five years and his utterance has a sureness and authority, a "professional" note, which they lack. In spite of this one feels that the poet is really hoping to say more than he succeeds in

expressing: this is partly due to a certain discontinuity of thought, a breaking up of the verse into individual lines and short passages, often beautiful and noble in themselves but not organically related to surrounding lines and passages. The title poem is a long meditation upon the theme of Yeats's lines

Through all the lying days of my youth  
I waved my leaves and flowers in the sun;  
Now may I wither into the truth.

It is a poem that is worth several readings for its many lines of natural beauty and experienced truth as well as for its spirit of noble acceptance of change and renewal:

No leaf falls but a bud presses  
urgent in need, strong to assert  
a purpose older than death, the day  
waits for no man its dawning.  
Life insistent ordains a progression  
ignoring our timid calculus of chance;  
the curve is not of our contriving.

The mood of *The Barren Tree* is caught again in the introductory poem to the author's radio play "Branwen." In the opening poem the poet invokes the spirit of Branwen, the tragic heroine whose story is told in the Mabinogion, and at the same time utters his own determination, frequently expressed throughout the poems, to remain a part of active life and to refuse the "ivory tower":

I know that if I turn away and walk not with this maid  
into the thorns and torments of her life  
I shall go down the years a man blind  
made deaf by words men speak and sing  
in sorrow over Branwen dead.  
I cannot conquer life, make blood and bone of it,  
Unless I trample on the death they tell.

To the reader the play itself suffers from the elusiveness and discontinuity that characterises the poems, and sometimes when, as though aware of this, the author attempts simplicity and lyrical directness the verse falls unexpectedly flat. Yet the play, too, will repay patient re-reading with the revelation of half-hidden beauties. One feels throughout the book that great poetry is somewhere near but never actually present.

W. P. M.

**PARIS SYMPHONY.** By John Redwood Anderson. With a Foreword by John Cowper Powys. G. G. Harrap and Co., London. 6s.

Poetry-lovers who are following the progress of Mr. John Redwood Anderson will accept his latest book as thankfully as a listener to music appreciates one of Beethoven's ever-fresh symphonies after an arid composition by some fashionable virtuoso of the mid-twentieth century. The title of the book invites the comparison. Like the major composers, honoured by time, Mr. Anderson outdoes for modernity the extreme sophisticates of to-day, who are forever striving, though deceptively, to make an impression of freedom and

originality. No artist in any medium can claim to be more modern, for he never hesitates to adapt his craftsmanship to his creative need, sometimes startlingly, and to entitle his new poem *Paris Symphony* is to include so many variations that again, as in *Triptych*, we are reminded of the more ambitious poetry of the great. Thus the idea of a symphony is brilliantly maintained. The first of four movements, specified as such, is headed "The Aphrodite of Melos," and written in an easy-flowing, blank-verse metre which subtly changes as the work moves on, so that the brief, broken line gradually lengthens and becomes less light, more solid, in the impression it makes. This impression is of music invariably, similar to one that "H. D.," Mr. Anderson's contemporary of some years ago, created over and over again in her lyricism inspired by the Greeks. Indeed, the atmosphere of Mr. Anderson's poem seems to have a parallel inspiration until the setting dispels the idea; even so, the theme is finally unfolded as universal, that of love, and how, after love "strives the inassuageable heart of the world."

Inevitably the reader expects a slow second movement. It flows with delightful naturalness out of the first, and is more sober, although never a threnody even if it recalls a lost face—"You, and I, and that sweet other one, that earliest face of all love's faces." This quotation not only illustrates an alternative theme in the poem, but is characteristic of the whole of it. Seemingly easy, here is the art that conceals art. Few poets, especially in our time, dare to embark on the technical adventure of this unrhymed and measureless measure that so often may end disastrously in merely broken lines of prose.

From a tribute to Emile Verhaeren the poet changes to the ironic, more actualistic third movement, with the trafficking of the "Boulevard des Italiens" surging around him in his meditation. From the Paris Morgue the imagination passes to the Louvre and "The Victory of Samothrace" in the fourth and final movement, concluding in triumph, with the "sublime winged Victory facing for ever the golden perils of eternal dawn." The reader (or is it the listener?) finds himself at the close with the inward glow of an authentic artistic experience which, promised by Mr. John Cowper Powys in an enthusiastic foreword, is both moving and memorable.

THOMAS MOULT.

ANTHOLOGY OF EUROPEAN POETRY. Volume one in French and English. From Machault to Malherbe. 13th to 17th century. Translated by William Stirling. Introduction by Marcel Arland. Selected by Mervyn Savill. Allan Wingate. 15s. net.

The exhibition of Tapestries at the South Kensington Museum in the Spring of this year, made many people aware of the extraordinary flowering of imaginative genius in the French Renaissance. So this finely produced volume of French poems from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, with translations opposite the text, appears at an opportune moment, and should give pleasure to those whose interest in French art has been aroused, and who owing to the language difficulty have perhaps hitherto not realised the full beauty and range of early French poetry. Clement Marot's famous poem to a pruning knife beginning "Changeons propos, c'est trop chanté d'amours": has precisely the same quality of earth magic, conveyed with extreme perfection

of elegant craftsmanship, "une netteté remarquable d'exécution," that we find in such a tapestry as "La Dame à la Licorne." Vulcan forging the holy vineyard knife in heaven and giving it to Noah "Pour en tailler la vigne en la saison," Dionysus and Silenus rioting through the vineyards; all are presented with the same inspired familiarity and fresh particularisation as are the enchanted princesses and unicorns of the Cluny tapestry.

Mr. William Stirling, who has already published selections from the works of Villon and Ronsard, translates in this book, poems from thirty nine authors, and ranges through the familiar and lesser-known poems, not always with the same skill, but on the whole sustaining a high level; at his best in some of the Villon "Ballades" which he renders with a vigour, forthrightness and irony reminiscent of Dunbar; in the poem of Marot mentioned above and in "Ne scay combien la haine est dure," of which his translation has all the morning freshness and music of an Elizabethan lyric. He is good in some of the longer Ronsard poems such as the beautiful "Hymne à la Nuit," and the better known "Contre les Bucherons de la Forêt de Gastine." This poem, one of Ronsard's finest, against the woodmen who cut down the trees in a favourite forest, may well wake an echo in many hearts who have felt the anguish of seeing natural beauty ruined in the name of "War-time necessity" or so-called progress. To all those who are lacerated by such ruthless, and usually unnecessary vandalism, he offers some crumbs of philosophical if embittered consolation.

" Que l'homme est malheureux qui au monde se fie !  
 O dieux, que véritable est la philosophie,  
 Qui dit que toute chose a la fin perira,  
 Et qu'en changeant de forme une autre vestira !  
 De Tempe la vallée un jour sera montagne,  
 Et la cyme D'Athos une large campagne:  
 Neptune quelquefois de blé sera couvert:  
 La matière demeure et la forme se perd."

Mr. Stirling does not do so well in the sonnets of the Pléiade, and fails like so many others to convey the evanescent charm of "Mignonne allons voir si la rose," as also of Du Bellay's "D'un Vanneur de Blé aux Vents," both of which are as unsurmountably difficult for an English translator as it would be for a Frenchman to capture the elusive delicacy of Herrick's "To Daffodils."

It was good to find the School of Lyons so well represented by the recondite, neo-platonic verses of Maurice Scève, and two of the near-Shakespearean sonnets of Louise Labé, that incarnation of Renaissance womanhood, "la nymphe ardente du Rhône," whose life was as passionately poetic as her verse. I wish it had been possible to include her brilliant and touching Elegy to the Ladies of Lyons.

Among the lesser known writers, I was struck by a narrative poem by Guy de Pibrac (1529-84), "Fragment D'un Voyage en Gascogne," which though a merely descriptive piece is full of a peculiarly French charm. In "A ma Quenouille" by Les Dames des Roches (1530-1587) a lady (or ladies) writes in a taking and witty manner of her divided allegiance to the pen and the distaff. Guillaume du Bartas (1544-1590) in "Le Cheval" describes an earthly Pegasus with lyrical passion and detailed observation. The poems of Phillippe

Desportes (1546-1606) are fertile in ideas expressed with conciseness and accomplished grace. The "Chanson" beginning "Las! que nous sommes Miserables" has a certain bitter appropriateness to the monstrous misrule of the world to-day.

" Las! que nous sommes miserables  
D'etre serves dessous les lois  
Des hommes legers et muables  
Plus que le feuillage des bois!"

"Enfin Malherbe vint. . ." and with him the end of French lyrical poetry for over two centuries. The poems chosen here are less ponderous and arid than much of the work of the reviler of Ronsard. Indeed the poem on the death of his son has a certain rhetorical nobility, though he only wrote two lines of any positive lyrical value in his life, the well-known

" Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vive les roses,  
L'espace d'un matin."

This book is the first of a series in which successive volume will be devoted to Spanish, Italian, German and later French verse, with translations. As M. Marcel Arland says with truth in his introduction "To-day, when the nations are beginning to recover from their wounds, when they are emerging from an agony which seemed unending, nothing . . . is of greater value than the spiritual exchanges which are now taking place, thus pouring into the common treasury of mutual welfare the individual achievements of each nation." The value of such an ambitious literary enterprise as this can hardly be over estimated. If the later volumes reach the high standard of selection and translation of the first, the publishers will have achieved an important contribution to the study of European literature.

MONA GOODEN.

INDIAN LANDSCAPE. By R. N. Currey. Routledge. 5s.

THE HEART'S TOWNLAND. By Roy McFadden. Routledge. 5s.

LIGHT-KEEPER'S LYRICS. By D. J. O'Sullivan. Dundalgan Press. 7s. 6d.

THE BLOOM OF CANDLES. By Laurie Lee. John Lehmann. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Currey's book carries the modest sub-title "A Book of Descriptive Poems"—modest because, while being excellently descriptive, many of the poems are much more than that. Those who have read Mr. Currey in this magazine or elsewhere will appreciate the understatement and realise that it signifies that the author does not rate these poems as equal to his best work: they are, he might say, "occasional poems," utterances called forth in response to immediate, concrete stimuli, rather than the fruit of slow growth and germination in the mind. How excellent they are as description may be guessed from one or two very short quotations, this of cattle beside their master, for instance :

. . . . . their horizontal shape  
Contrasts with his slim vertical brown stance . . . . .

or this:

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Spring seems perpetual beneath these banyans;  
 The moveless light is green against the leaves;  
 The brown straight-hanging roots are seaweed curtains  
 As still as stalactites beneath the waves . . . .

But, because the author's mind is rich and experienced and because its real interest is in humanity, comment persistently enriches or replaces description and scene or object becomes symbolic of human life and fate. One more short quotation must serve to suggest how far *Indian Landscape* moves, at times, from the merely descriptive. It is from "Kali [II]."

. . . . This was a traveller  
 Who shuddered once and died without a groan,  
 His neck marked only by the sacred line,  
 The delicate symbol of eternity . . . .  
 Oh hideous modesty that cannot bear  
 To show the lips of shame, and dare not see  
 The lips of wounds that murmur cruelty!

Roy McFadden is also a poet of descriptive power but in him the natural scene is always subjectively treated as an accompaniment to mood and personality. This, his third book, shows him again as a writer with a physical home, a fixed familiar world of nourishment and inspiration. It is largely because of this that his work has a homogeneous individuality such as only very exceptional writers of unsettled and scattered reference can maintain. Mr. McFadden carries the elegiac mood of his last book *Flowers for a Lady* (parts of which were printed in this magazine) into *The Heart's Towlnd*. He is introspective and autobiographical and a rich, autumnal elegiac mode seems his most natural expression. In this book he seems less individual than before, less naturally himself, and it may be that it marks the end of a phase, the final utterance of a personal state, and that in it a mood which, unknown to itself, is already preparing to move on, protests its permanence too much. Or it may be merely that the powerful influence of Yeats is more obvious than before. In the title poem there are these lines:

In Ballyorney I remembered them,  
 In the quiet cottage, under Yeats's lamp.  
 (Old poet, you and I have tried to stem  
 The drunken tide, the sly insidious damp  
 Killing the house.)

This suggests that Roy McFadden has taken "Ben Bulben" to heart, but in scorning 'the sort now growing up' he has carried admiration of the great poet to extremes of sincerity. Here are two quotations (it would be easy to give a dozen) from the very fine opening poem, "Calendar," addressed to John Hewitt:

. . . . but though you still  
 Assume opinions with your hat and coat  
 You have an eye to greet the miracle  
 In all well-rooted things, in child and tree:  
 In paintings by that honest man, John Luke,  
 Who wears no corduroys or politics,  
 But grows potatoes and, no doubt, can cook . . . .

. . . Who taught an arrogant integrity,  
 Branding his opinions as the truth:—  
 Because of all men he found certainty  
 In solitude, and made each thought a myth,  
 O to the end he played a likely part,  
 Saint or playboy, singing hymns at death.  
 —Because, too, his intense and reckless heart  
 Reminds me of that small and arrogant man,  
 Preacher, painter, poet, spendthrift, wise . . . .

Accent and vocabulary alike proclaim their origin in this and other poems as, for instance,

. . . For now

Time has made a sea  
 Too wide for those who look  
 From island's peak to peak,  
 Hindered by circumstance,  
 Remembering a red scarf,  
 I think and cannot speak  
 As I would speak, or move  
 Freely through time like those  
 Who run without a glance  
 To see, broken, their love.

This reviewer wrote of Mr. McFadden's first book, "The creative imagination and the correcting intelligence seem almost always to work in harmony, and the poems have as a result a 'wholeness' and coherence all too rare in modern verse . . . ." and withdraws no word of it. *The Heart's Townland* is full of fine things; it is the expression of a mind and nature of quality,—sensitive, intelligent, enthusiastic and sane, and it is technically accomplished. But Yeats is a jealous though a noble master and the preservation of an individual voice of value is more important than the production of an echo, even of his.

D. J. O'Sullivan, the author of *Light-Keeper's Lyrics*, is also a contributor to this magazine. He is a lighthouse-keeper and a fine naturalist. The value and the attractiveness of his verse lie in its accurate and economical recording of items and incidents of wild life. The reader may use these poems to hang thoughts of human life and fate upon, but the author does not. They are, as Geoffrey Taylor says in his introduction, "fresh, clean and direct." Here is a typical stanza:

By cryptic crevice that he loves  
 The tiny red rock-spider roves,  
 A beetle from a bunch of grass  
 Comes out to sun his jet cuirass.

Laurie Lee has somewhat tamed the exuberance of his fancy in his latest book *The Bloom of Candles*, but 'apocalyptic' imagery and a surrealist acceptance of what comes to hand are still the salient features of his verse. In "First Love," for instance, this stanza occurs:

It was then that he paused in the death of a game,  
    felt the hook of her hair in his swimming throat,  
        saw her mouth at large in the dark river  
            flushed like a salmon.

No separate rightness can justify the contradiction between the second line and the last two, nor is it good that a writer of such genuine inspiration and energy should write stanzas such as this, from the same poem, which is of a tone and shape so familiar now that it might well have been written by someone else:

But the boy, confused in his day's desire,  
    was searching for herons, his fingers bathed  
        in the green of walnuts, or watching at night  
            the Great Bear spin from the maypole star.

But, having made these objections, it is time to give thanks for a book so alive and vigorous, so evocative of scene and season real beyond the power of actual scene and season, and so well constructed. Here is a stanza picked at random:

There is hunger in the mouth  
    of mole and badger,  
        silver agonies of breath  
            in the nostril of the fox,  
                ice on the rabbit's paw.

W. P. M.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Edited with general and grammatical introduction, commentary and indices. By W. B. Stanford, Litt.D. Macmillan. Pp. lxxxvi—432. 10s.

What a pleasure it is to handle this volume, a credit alike to the editor and the publishers, and a cheerful evidence of surviving culture in a distracted world. The *Odyssey* is as old as literary culture in Europe and it is still so much alive. The Greek towns which fringed the Mediterranean in ancient times used this book to teach their youth knowledge of the world, knowledge of the heart, and eloquence. When Roman boys, towards the end of the third century B.C., began to receive formal education they spelled through the *Odyssey* in its awkward Latin version until they acquired enough Greek to read the original. All down the centuries it has been a school-text, and it has lost nothing thereby of its fascination for the adult mind. Since Chapman the English have translated it sixteen times. What is still more remarkable is that eight of these translations have been made in the present century. And the last is the best. Mr. Rieu's Pelican version (1946) has outstripped all its predecessors.

With the *Odyssey* now selling to English readers in its tens of thousands, even its hundreds of thousands, it is difficult not to believe, in spite of the decline of Greek in schools and universities, that there will be a wide public for Dr. Stanford's edition. It is forty years since the poem was last completely edited in English. In that space of time scholarship and criticism have found something to add and something to discard. The work needed to be done again and it is agreeable to reflect that an Irishman has been chosen to do it. It is not surprising either, for Greek is probably more studied in Ireland in proportion

to the population than in any other part of the English-speaking world. Moreover the editor has done his work with a competence and good sense which disarm criticism. Every student of the *Odyssey* will, of course, miss something that he hopes to find. For my part I want Vico included among the founders of Homeric criticism; I want a mention of Lefebvre des Noëttes, *De la Marine antique à la Marine moderne* to impress on readers the difference between the steering-oar and the rudder; and among the ancient critics of Homer 'Longinus' should certainly appear. But what strikes one about the book is its completeness and the admirable economy of its arrangement. It is not only that there is so much in it, but that it is so easy to find. It is sure of its place in the universities and in the schools. And, if the widespread interest in the *Odyssey*, in translation should crystallise here and there into a determination to master the original tongue by private study—no rash or impossible ambition—here will be the perfect guide.

B. FARRINGTON.

**BOCCACCIO.** By Francis MacManus. Sheed and Ward. Price, 16s.

Much of the argument of this book is that, of 'the cloven flame of Boccaccio's spiritual life . . . the other half was there, often untested perhaps, and through it he worshipped God and called on Our Lady' to whom 'his devotion was plenary, sincere, filial and abiding. He had worshipped women, deifying their bodies; he had scorned women, degrading their souls; but before his oscillating mind, swerving like the prow of an ill-steered boat through mist and turbulent waters, there was always the high promontory, the landfall, the light and the Star of the Sea.'

To the non-Roman Catholic the claim may appear over-emphasized; but it is supported in some measure by the gravity of Boccaccio's later writings.

The book is one of a 'Writers of the World Series,' and can be commended for its certain popular appeal. There are many pretty or lusty sketches of mediaeval manners and dalliance, well-chosen extracts and summaries from Boccaccio's works—the *Decameron*, of course, among them—but the style is often over-ripe. A Sitwellian adroitness with the ornate is rare, and at times the profusion of epithets is tiresome or embarrassing.

A deliberately imaginative re-construction in biography, even when founded, as here, on painstaking research, is apt if meant for a wide audience to appear stagey; but one has to admire the almost Chestertonian vigour with which MacManus routs any lazy acceptance of Boccaccio's name as synonymous with the *Decameron* or bawdiness. He gives proper attention to Boccaccio's learning, the suppleness and concision of his prose, his place as one of the three great masters of the Italian language, and to his independence of spirit.

The historical background is well done, the wit agreeable, and the portrait of Petrarch and account of his friendship with Boccaccio are excellent; while Dante pervades the pages like a constant pang of conscience.

**THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.** By A. D. Sertillanges, O.P. Translated from the new French edition by Mary Ryan, M.A. The Mercier Press, Cork. Price, 10s. 6d.

"The Intellectual Life" is based on a letter of St. Thomas, enumerating *Sixteen Precepts for Acquiring the Treasure of Knowledge*, but it is not merely

a commentary. In its practical advice, it recalls the Abbé Dimnet's "Art of Thinking"; but this book is much more. It uses the language of mysticism to describe the purification, initiation and illumination of seekers after Knowledge; and its sincere and fervent account of the tribulations and ecstasies of the intellectual vocation is tempered by recognition of physiological and psychological, as well as spiritual, needs.

To this emphasis on the importance of the intellectual life—one wishes, by the way, that Père Sertillanges allowed women more than a work-box in the study—there is added the insistence that 'the solitude of the thinker does not imply neglect of his duties or forgetfulness of his needs. Certain contacts are necessary. Being necessary, they are part of our life: even the life of an intellectual, since we do not separate the intellectual from the man.'

The scope of the book is indicated in the new preface: 'Do you want to do intellectual work? Begin by creating within you a zone of silence, a habit of recollection, a will to renunciation and detachment, which puts you entirely at the disposal of the work; acquire that state of soul unburdened by desire and self-will which is the state of grace of the intellectual worker. Without that you will do nothing, at least nothing worth while.' Its wisdom may be judged by such aphorisms as: 'What an abuse it is to associate with great minds and to get from them nothing but formulas!' and 'A book is a cradle, not a tomb.'

The translation is an admirable piece of work,

MEN AND SAINTS. By Charles Péguy. French-English Edition. Kegan Paul.  
Price: 10s. 6d.

The text of these selections is from Péguy's 'Cahiers de la Quinzaine.' There are passages representative of his attitude to social and political problems that show, with their noble patriotism and complete integrity, why he has inspired resurgent France.

Berdyaev has stated that 'the image of God is a symbolic expression and if it is turned into a concept it meets with insuperable difficulties,' but for Péguy these difficulties did not exist. He had announced: 'Je ne suis nullement l'intellectuel qui descend et condescend au peuple. Je suis peuple,' and in all reverence he worshipped a God for whom the French were eldest sons, who had the simplicity, shrewdness and humour of the peasant, and yet was Père Éternel.

He had a Franciscan esteem of poverty—'To be well housed in the little dwelling of poverty;' but his earlier acceptance of Marxian socialism had also made him a realist, and so he could speak of 'this hell of the modern world where he who does not gamble loses, and always loses, where he who is confined to poverty is unceasingly pursued in the retreat of poverty itself.'

How far one appreciates Péguy's style depends in some measure on how far one can endure what has been called 'sa répétition obstinée.' But of his poetry Julian Green writes penetratingly: 'If we read it aloud, it will seem to us that it is really prose cut up into lines of different lengths and that if these lines were put together again, we should have excellent prose. However, if we read it again and listen to the sound of it, and stop ever so little at the end of each line, we will catch a rhythm, not exactly the rhythm of speech, but what might be termed the rhythm of thought.'

His extraordinary and beautiful poem 'La Nuit' has lines like:

'Ces trois nuits où il fut un mort chez les hommes.  
Parmi les hommes morts.'

that, with their tremendous economy of words, remind one of Rilke's 'The Harrowing of Hell.'

Ann and Julian Green have made these translations with the exactitude and devotion that were given to the earlier volume 'Basic Verities.'

**TENNYSON'S TWO BROTHERS.** THE LESLIE STEPHEN LECTURE 1947. By Harold Nicholson, Cambridge. At the University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

In this lecture the aim of Mr. Nicholson has been to deal with both Frederick and Charles Tennyson in as far as they served to "throw some light upon the complicated temperament of their younger brother;" and although he has not added very much to what we already know—through the *Tennysonian* of Richard Herne Shepherd (1866), and other writings—about the early life of the brothers, he has given us a pleasant and vivid impression of the quiet Lincolnshire village in which their early days were passed, and of that "darling room"—it was, in fact "a bedroom in the rectory attic which was approached by a dark staircase from the ground floor and which possessed, in addition to the small lattice window, a skylight which has since been closed up"—of which all three brothers would seem to have kept a treasured memory. Here it was that they wrote most of that juvenile verse which was later to result in the publication of the little volume "Poems by Two Brothers" in 1827. It was indeed the work of three—not two brothers—for in addition to the 48 poems by Charles and a like number by Alfred, it contained at least seven by Frederick, about whose work Mr. Nicholson is, I feel, rather unduly unsympathetic. After all, a man who was the valued friend of Edward Fitzgerald, of whom that "difficult" person could say that he was "quite grand . . . with the Faith of a gigantic child" must have had something of an enduring quality in his work. But he was, one fears, unlucky from the start, and his future was, more or less, summed up by Mary Russell Mitford when she wrote those devastating lines in 1854 "There is an elder Tennyson, the third of the poet-brothers, who is about to print a volume—"better than Charles"—Mrs. Browning says—"worse than Alfred."

It seems that the Tennyson family produced a "worser" poet than Frederick—by name Edward, who, as Mr. Nicholson informs us, "once published a sonnet in the Yorkshire Literary Annual, was for many years kept in confinement and lived until 1890."

**NO ANGEL'S WING.** By Charles Duff. Cobbett Press. 15s.

Charles Duff has had an extraordinary varied career. His boyhood memories of Enniskillen include a vivid impression of the beating of the Lambeg big drums. Although he belonged to the Unionist section, he had an early sympathy with Sinn Fein, much to the disgust of his family. Later—when an officer in the Inns of Court O.T.C.—he was on leave in Dublin during the 1916 Rising and he gives interesting details of a "mutiny" in which he figured. He

was told to report to military headquarters and a major explained that he was to take charge of a party of fifty men.

" I asked him whether this meant we were liable to be put with the troops engaged in putting down the rebellion. Yes. I informed him I was sorry, that I could not do it. That I had joined the British Army as a volunteer in Ireland to fight Germans and not Irishmen. While I was speaking he did not look up from the paper on which he was writing, but puffing his pipe, remarked that such an attitude amounted to mutiny, and that he had only to ring a bell, have me arrested, courtmartialled and, as martial law had been declared, well, I ought to know what was the penalty for mutiny in such circumstances."

Duff stood firm and a sergeant was told to take him along a passage and put him in a locked room where he found a score of other Irishmen in khaki who were making the same stand. They were all very excited and worried. Every now and then more men were poked in. In the morning they were taken on lorries to the cross-channel steamer bound for Holyhead. About 250 Irish and Colonial soldiers were on board. This seems to be a National counterpart of the famous Curragh Mutiny.

For three years the author travelled the world in windjammers, tramp steamers and various cargo ships. He tells a racy story—full of human incident—about his adventures at sea and in port. Always good at languages he became proficient in French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese. During the First World War his skill as an interpreter led to his services being utilised in several Allied armies. After the war he was attached to the Foreign Office, in the News Section. His chapters about the Foreign Office have a nice irony. I liked his story of the elegant young man who used to get the same report in triplicate and read conscientiously through each without realising they were exactly alike. As befits a man about town Charles Duff was called to the Bar. He also found time to visit the Continent, particularly Spain, getting to know the country and its people. He was familiar with Spanish literature and translated some of the books.

When the conflict between the Spanish Republican Government and the Franco rebels began, Charles Duff found himself very much out of his element at the Foreign Office which he regarded—before the outbreak of war in 1939—as a nest of pro-Fascists. He left the Foreign Office and identified himself with the movement to liberate the Spanish people from military dictatorship. Besides being for a time a lecturer in languages at London University, he is a prolific writer on many topics. His *Handbook on Hanging*—an indictment of capital punishment—was described by A. E. as a masterpiece of irony.

Charles Duff is evidently a man of erudition but he bears his learning lightly. We enjoy his adventures and experiences in odd corners as we go along the way with him, and like him none the less when he flares out against the injustices of the world. In some ways he reminds me of Captain Jack White—a fellow Northerner—who, like himself, was generally to be found fighting generously on the weaker side. Since the North abandoned its liberty-loving tradition, men of this type have been more individual—or more isolated. But Charles Duff has travelled so widely that he cannot be explained in terms of a regional background. And he has given us a fascinating book.

R. M. FOX.

REFLEXIONS. Poems by Bryan Guinness. Title Page and Vignettes by Michael Gibbon. Heinemann. 6s. net.

Those who believe that modern poetry should concern itself with pathological pattern may object that these poems are lacking in depth. There is no smell of the midnight oil, no creak of a brain aware of inhibitions which impede mechanism. The author, having willingly forgotten scholastic knowledge, had discovered with zest and innocence the visible world and the renewing force of certain human relationships. To read his second book of poems is to experience rejuvenation.

This is in part the poetry of escape. For the writer it was a refuge from war; and the only war poem, *Artillery*, however sincerely felt, might have been omitted as being on amateur's level unless the last two lines had been polished. While his outlook is contemporaneous, his mode of expression is traditional: and he is not afraid to let the treasures of his thinking come ashore on the waves of a familiar metre. Nor is he afraid of singing—a pastime which disapproval from contemporaries has silenced in some of us! Here is a Connemara shore, on Summer's threshold—

The black boats walk  
On the silver strand  
Like beetles that go  
On the edge of the land;  
The black boats tilt  
On the western waves;  
Black heifers stand over  
The old green graves.

Here, with detail in the foreground, is size and sweep—

The chestnuts' fountain of flowers and frills,  
And the huge fields folded into the hills.

There is an invigorating, intractable outburst, *Contrasts*, which quietens down to a conclusion worthy of George Herbert—

Behind his shelter in the wood  
The hurdle-maker winds a rod  
And as he twists  
With his old wrists  
Does only good.

Bryan Guinness's faults are those which come only from the excited communication of surprise. Having discovered an arresting analogy he is inclined to overwork it.

Here primroses *pin* the cliffs together  
And moss enfolds the stone  
In an everlasting overcoat.

We query *everlasting*: the coat-simile recurs in "The Singing of the Oak," and elsewhere—however excusably—

Twelve cones are heaped across the shining bay,  
*Pinning* the world into the dangling clouds.

As to the form of "Buried Fire," it is not clear whether the split-up lines are intended to imitate heart-beats or to give the printer a run for his money. The Irish poems are prior in interest for the writer and for us. He might have exploited the jewelled East in more than her tenuous gold and silver. But he has little reason to love her: and there was never a book published which is more clean of rancour.

It is good to find a writer who apparently thinks as we do—that poetry should spring from the delighted or contemplative spirit like the bubbles, chain after gleaming chain, in a limestone well: or that the poet (to vary a metaphor) should emulate the lark as here described—

He stitches the sky with the thread of his breath  
To all the bright pattern of living beneath.

The illustrations to the book are a separate study.

TEMPLE LANE.

1,000 YEARS OF IRISH POETRY. Edited by Kathleen Hoagland. New York.  
The Devin-Adair Company. London. The Falcon Press. 25s. net.

The compiler of this work has, by her choice of a title, not only forestalled but (in both the old and modern usage of the word) "prevented" criticism. Such a task as Mrs. Hoagland has attempted, could only be carried to success by one who had all the resources of Irish scholarship at his disposal, and after a lifetime of research. Nevertheless one cannot help admiring the great courage, the enthusiasm and the industry which have been expended on the production of such a book.

The work is divided into three parts: (1) "From Early Pagan Times through the Fifteenth Century"; (2) "Modern Poetry—From the Sixteenth Century to the Present"; (3) "Anonymous Street Ballads—From the Seventeenth Century to the Present"; (4) "Anglo-Irish Poetry—Irish Poetry written in English from the Fourteenth Century to the Present."

An Appendix of "Notes on the Poets. The Translators and the great books" supplies some interesting matter concerning the various writers quoted, but we would strongly recommend a thorough revision and correction of this section before the publication of a second edition.

We may not agree with the statement which, on the dust-jacket claims this as "The first comprehensive anthology of Irish poetry," but we must at least admit that its compiler—who was, we are told, "Born and educated in Ireland" has produced a book which will be of considerable interest and use to "the sea-divided Gael."

GENEVIEVE. By Jacques Lemarchand. Translated from the French by Rosamund Lehmann. John Lehmann. 7s. 6d. net.

This short and admirably translated novel by one of the younger French writers is a study of jealousy, as shown in two young men who are in love with the same woman and are drawn to each other by their common suffering, in a bond that is a painful mixture of resentment and affection. A classic subject, it is at once evident, and handled here by a young man, and, therefore, necessarily perhaps with a certain preciousness, a certain stiffness. The Dostoevsky situation between the two men is not fully explored, and the

woman in question is less than a phantom: she is scarcely an exhalation, an effluence, an aura. All that we know about her is that one of the young men made coffee for her and the other set off carrying a bunch of red roses which he failed to give her and threw into a dust-bin instead.

A little more solidity is necessary, I think, in the person evoking all the suffering: otherwise one finds it difficult to believe in the reality of the suffering. There are many good things in the actual analysis of the pain, many acute and true observations, as, for instance, the passage describing the disorientation brought about in the narrator of the story by the experience he is undergoing, his sense of alienation from the ordinary rhythm of life:—"I have never felt so profoundly out of harmony with the seasons, with the planets, the equinoctial pauses. For twelve months I fell apart from the solar system . . . . . For a long time I was deprived of mornings and of evenings: or else time stretched out into one long black incessant chime of noon; or else the hands of my wrist-watch ran mad, and I no longer dared to look at it because every glance meant an hour and a half stolen from me . . . . . The time of the soul is dead and gone"—or the passages describing the extraordinary power given to certain places by the feeling once associated with them, or those which tell of the visit of James to the other young man, the narrator. But this way of writing a novel, through unrelieved monologue, becomes after a time almost necessarily a little monotonous and unreal. Suffering such as this is, indeed, a part of life, but isolated and dissociated from the rest, as it is here, it takes on a phantasmagorial, a cruelly distorted quality. Set in a long novel, it would find its place in the rough and tumble, the hurley-burley, the variety of existence as a whole; its true power and lucidity would emerge. As it is, it only serves to create an impression of human lot as a miserable incarceration, a confinement within an unendurable prison—that abstract world of ice which the narrator tells us he created for his suffering—a man-made and mind-made world, not the incalculable and greater world of flesh and blood.

LORNA REYNOLDS.

THE HISTORY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 1892-1945. By Kenneth C. Bailey (Fellow and Registrar). Dublin: The University Press. 15s.

As Dr. Alton says, in his Foreword to this well-produced, illustrated work, the author has done no small service to T.C.D. by giving us this history of its last passed half-century. The volume is issued as an addition and a companion edition to Professor Maxwell's recently published book wherein she gives the story of the first three hundred years. This is a well-balanced account of fifty-three years of endeavour and achievement under seven succeeding Provosts. Dr. Bailey has worked, during the whole of his adult life, on the internal affairs of Trinity; and as the custodian of its original records he has quite fulfilled the expectation that he would give a faithful account of that old Institution of Learning. It is an all-embracing, lucid book, in which nothing of relevant interest or importance has escaped the writer's attention.

Although the College looks much the same to-day as it did in 1892, there have been some appreciable architectural and decorative additions and, of course, changes and advancements in the Schools of Learning; all of which are described here with commendable economy of words. The book is divided

into nine chapters, including 'Courses of Study, Fees, and Prizes.' 'Sport,' and 'Undergraduate and Graduate Activities'; and, after reading all of them, we may say, truly, that we have learned a great deal about Old Trinity. There is an enlightening, biographical chapter on the University men who were great in Original Thought, eminent in their professions, or prominent in the fields of science and research. Forty-seven interesting photographs are remarkably well reproduced. Among these we see four Provosts (to be) at play: J. H. Bernard as a member of the College hurling team of 1880, E. J. Gwynn and E. H. Alton as members of the Rugby team of 1889, and W. E. Thrift in cycling kit.

**THE ROTUNDA HOSPITAL, 1745-1945.** By O'Donel T. D. Browne, M.B., M.A.O., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.O.G. (44 illustrations, a synopsis and a graph. Edinburgh. E. and S. Livingstone, 1947). Price 42s. net.

The bicentenary celebrations of the Rotunda have died away, but Dr. O'Donel Browne is to be congratulated on his history of the Masters of that famous hospital and their long fight against disease. The history of the hospital itself has been dealt with before, notably in Dr. Kirkpatrick's history of the Charity, but here we have the triumphs and failure of the different Masters, the life of the wards, a glimpse of two women occupying the same four poster bed with their babies, fed on wine and whey by candle light, now modified to stout.

Here too, is an account of that deadly scourge, child-bed fever, which haunted the Maternity Hospitals. In the days before Pasteur, two names were outstanding, Ignaz Semmelweiss of Vienna and that delightful literary doctor, Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston; both insisted on the contagiousness of this disease and the necessity for strict cleanliness. To-day it is usually in the Midwifery Hospitals that the student learns his first lesson in the practical application of the theory of asepsis. In the Rotunda there is a sand glass which times the minimum length of "scrubbing up" by the student, who probably learns for the first time that each of his fingers has four surfaces under the eagle eye of the labour ward sister. I have seen a flustered student repeat this operation three times because he forgot to turn off the tap with his elbows, thereby nullifying his previous ablutions before putting on his gloves.

Holmes, too, it was that suggested the name "anaesthesia" for that merciful science which has made the miracles of modern surgery possible. Professor O'Donel Browne in his own lectures has always stressed the absolute duty of the medical practitioner to give all possible relief of pain in child birth.

He is to be congratulated on the laborious research which has obviously gone to the making of this book and for the excellence of its production. It is perhaps more a valuable historical reference book for the medical reader because its solid array of facts may at times daunt the lay reader in search of romance, who only wants to see the enchanted castle, but not to examine the brickwork of which it was made.

The story of the Rotunda is a fairy story from its inception in the mind of its greatest Master, Bartholomew Mosse, to the present day. Mosse built the Rotunda magnificently for the poor women of Dublin out of nothing, but that was not all, for he saw that teaching was one of its duties. That duty has been brilliantly carried out and the cosmopolitan students that it has housed have

brought its art and science to many a suffering woman who never heard of such a place as Dublin. Mosse has been well served by his successors and Dr. O'Donel Browne's book is proof of the zeal this great Charity can inspire in the hearts of its sons and is a worthy tribute to its tireless two hundred years.

ETHNA MACCARTHY.

**THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF BENJAMIN RUSH.** Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Pp. 433+ix. Cr. 8vo. Philosophical Library, New York, 1947.

Benjamin Rush was born in 1745 in a vintage year. The world was becoming medicine minded and hospitals were being built; in fact, the end of the 18th century constituted a bridge between quackery and science. Rush became a Bachelor of Arts before he was 15 and qualified as a Doctor of Medicine at Edinburgh when he was 23. He became Professor of Chemistry in the College of Philadelphia in 1765, and when the College became a University he was its first Professor of Medicine.

This book contains an extraordinary variety of his writings: there are essays of interest to the medical man such as "The Progress of Medicine (1801)," "Observations on Reasoning in Medicine (1791)," "The Duties of a Physician," 1789; and besides these he writes on such varied subjects as slave keeping which he condemns wholeheartedly; peace; capital punishment, which he abhors; the amusements and punishments suitable for schools; the Bible as a school book. The multiplicity of subjects is so great that a review must be somewhat incomplete.

The reviewer is of the opinion that Benjamin Rush may have been a good doctor, but he was born to be a clergyman: he regards a decent Christian outlook as the essential factor for a good doctor—and yet many doctors do magnificent work without entering a church.

The vices of physicians may be divided into three heads:—

- (1) As they relate to the Supreme Being.
- (2) To their parents, and
- (3) To their professional brethren.

He deduces the following inferences from a review of his opinion about the vices and virtues of the physician:—

"1st. That their vices are fewer in number, and of less magnitude, than their virtues.

2nd. That the profession of medicine, favours the practice of all the religious, moral and social duties. A physician, of course, who is a bad man is more inexcusable than a bad man of any other profession, a minister of the Gospel excepted.

3rd. That the aggregate mass of physical misery that has existed in the world owes more of its relief to physicians than to any other body of men.

Let us learn then, gentlemen, duly to appreciate the profession we have chosen, by acting agreeably to the duties it imposes, and the honours it has acquired."

Rush gives the most logical advice about fees to be charged, but they are views which would not coincide with some of the plutocrats of Harley Street.

He makes the pertinent suggestion that as there is a War Office in the time of peace, why not a Peace Office in the time of war.

His suggestion that boys and girls should be educated at home rather than abroad, because "our citizens are composed of the natives of so many countries" might apply to the U.S.A., but could be objected to in these islands.

He has a very bad opinion of Oxford and Cambridge which are "the seats of dissipation," while the Scottish universities are remarkable for the diligent and decent behaviour of their students. Dr. Rush evidently was never in Edinburgh after an International Football Match!

The reviewer is in cordial agreement with the idea that bachelors and people without children should pay for the support of schools; also, that corporal punishment is absolutely unnecessary. We shall conclude with a few of the many texts he promulgates:—"Idleness is the parent of every vice"; "Marriage without visible means of subsistence is founded on madness." Enough has been said to whet the curiosity of the reader so that he will purchase the book if it can be obtained outside America.

Rush was a clever man, but like many clever men was without balance. His erudition suggests Osler, but Osler was a brilliant doctor with a well balanced mind.

B. S.

THE VOICES OF THE CHILDREN. By George Ewart Evans. Penmark Press Ltd., Cardiff. Price: 8s. 6d.

It sometimes happens to a traveller that he sees human beings so grouped that he is aware of an elusive relationship with them, or a landscape becomes a significant pattern of which he is a living line: and he wonders at the unseen scalpel discovering new things to him.

This very simply told story of life in a Welsh village has that effect. There is no false note: the characters and the incidents are seen through the eyes of an observant boy. 'She was smiling now—for a reward—but she was only doing it with her mouth, that made the case of a smile, with nothing real inside it.' 'The strike lay over the valley like a thick cloud that had frozen all movement and most mirth. There was no week-end bustle in the streets; there was no pay-day; only a slow torpid stream of men throughout the week walking the roads or slowly pushing their barrows of coal-pickings from the slag-heap on the hillside.' Or this: 'In the new light, with the shadows of the desk making queer patterns and the yellow chrysanthemums on the mantelpiece suddenly becoming alive, we forgot we were in school and sang as though we had been translated to a high-vaulted cave, hewn out around a precious pool of light. Mr. Thomas played on the piano and after a while we sang songs we had already learned. We would have sung until midnight; we rose with the music and breathed pure sound. Good singing! Good singing!'

The humour is delicious. The account of three boys' efforts to do a week's family washing and their vain hope that everything 'would be righted in the boil' is perfect comedy.

Perhaps nothing very unusual happens, but one ends the book applying to the narrator Karel Capek's words: 'Like a pilgrim who has no goal, but who does not journey in vain.'

**A STORYTELLER'S CHILDHOOD.** By Patricia Lynch. London: Dent & Sons, Ltd. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. Price: 10s. 6d.

The extravert with a highly retentive memory and intensity of visualization has an almost embarrassing amount of material for the writing of an autobiography. When, in addition, there are literary tact and skill, a lively sense of curiosity and a passionate love of one's country, the result is, as in *A Storyteller's Childhood*, an outstanding and fascinating book.

It is, in a sense, beside the point that the landscape is beautiful, the incidents and the characters entertaining, for Patricia Lynch with her enjoyment of life, direct approach to the world, the unspoiled simplicity of her reactions, would have had matter for absorbed watching in the dullest of situations; and her gift of friendship would always provide her with those odd or engaging confidences of chance acquaintances.

The accounts of a ceilidhe in the mountains of Cork, and of a fair, of a circus in Kent, Covent Garden in the early morning, market days in Bruges, are animated and lavishly coloured; and there is the same loving fidelity in her descriptions of the movement of a green and white spider, a speckled bird, birch trees, the taste of an apple cake and the smell of a turf fire.

Perhaps, however, the reader will most delight in the characters of the book, so actual and so varied, none of them marred by over-emphasis or sentimentality, but all of them seen as only the zestful lover of life and artist in words can reveal them.

The drawings by Kernoff subtly underline the spirit of the book.

**IRREGULAR ADVENTURE.** By Christie Lawrence. Introduction by Evelyn Waugh. Faber & Faber. Price: 10s. 6d.

One is tempted to quote largely from Evelyn Waugh's introduction to "Irregular Adventure": from his belief in its value to the historian of Jugoslavia, and in it as 'the first authentic picture of this kaleidoscopic scene of villainy and heroism.' Christie Lawrence's account of his adventures in the Balkan mountains and of his meeting with Mihalovitch and other Serbian guerrilla leaders unravels successfully the very confusing aspects of the Serbian resistance movement. There are two maps; and a list of the important people in the book saves the usual difficulties with Jugoslav names.

The literary qualities of the book are outstanding: the lightness of touch, restrained handling of material, skilful characterization, and lucid style. Lawrence's own courage and humanity emerge in the simplicity with which he records his exploits, and in his keen pity for the suffering, ruined peasantry. The quality of the man is equally apparent in the sensitivity which makes of a village woman's song in a storm, a profound spiritual experience; and in the level tones, the detachment that can be infinitely moving, describing the brutal treatment endured by himself and others from the German S.S. in Belgrade.

The following brief extracts shows something of his lyric gift, and his fine control of it: 'I found myself in a tiny cove, almost entirely closed in from the sea. The water was crystal clear and very deep. Through four fathoms I looked down on red and gold seaweeds, still with the stillness of the June morning. Among them were little silver fish, that swam nonchalantly, as though they had nothing much to do . . .

'There, in front of me, a foot from my eyes, lay the corpse of a British soldier. His wide eyes stared unseeing into mine. His face was black with the decomposition which the hot sun had already started, and from the corner of his mouth there was a stain of purple blood which had run down and dripped on to the rock.

'For a few horrible seconds we looked each other in the face, and then I dropped back into the water and swam back in a dream to the other side where I had left my clothes. It seemed that the war was still going on.'

A MOUNTAIN BOYHOOD. By André Chamson. Translated from the French by John Rodker. John Lehmann Ltd. Price, 7s. 6d.

This is a vivid and yet subtle study, excellently translated, of boyhood and adolescence. Four of its sections have already appeared in "New Writing," one of them, "My Enemy," receiving especial praise for its originality. It describes the encounter of two boys, enemies from choice, and their rivalry in a supreme test of endurance and climbing skill. Hours later, they come back to their village life, resuming almost unconsciously their former hostility. But for a time they had realised their equal love for the mountains, pools and vines of their countryside, and had sensed their common blood and racial past. Because they are young, and their environment strong, they return to their stone-flinging with considerable zest, that is sharpened however by an inarticulate regret, and bewilderment.

André Chamson, distinguished for his stories centring round The Cévennes, brings to his description of each mountain, of the difference between one pool and another, the qualities of the wind and of silence, the same exquisite observation with which Jacques Delamain writes of birds. He records sensitively the child's world at once so bright and solid, yet shifting inexplicably into the unknown, and contrasting, sometimes strangely, with facets of an adult world suddenly glimpsed.

"The White Beastie" is a brilliant sketch of a boy startled, through his killing of a wild animal, out of a purely objective state into one of relationship. Alive, the stoat had been big as a sheep dog. Now nothing was 'left of it save a white snowflake that seemed about to melt away.' Life and death have moved to his side. 'Why did it seem so tall and fierce? Because it was full of courage. But isn't that what life is!'

FOUR CAUTIONARY TALES. Translated from the Chinese by Harold Acton and Lee Yi-Hsieh. Preface by Arthur Waley. John Lehmann Ltd. Price, 8s. 6d.

Chiang Yee relates agreeably, in one of his books, his meeting with a compatriot and how, when they realised there would be a full moon that night, they jumped for joy in a Keswick street.

There is the same engaging blend of poetic enjoyment and naïveté in the "Four Cautionary Tales." Arthur Waley, who has made so many distinguished translations from Chinese poems, points out that their suggested resemblance to the *Decameron* is quite superficial, and indeed, the briefest encounter with any Chinese dragon of that period so stylised and elegant, in any museum, would show its incongruity. His preface explains the historical background and the

conventional structure of the rare Collection from which these tales are taken, and which have been so skilfully translated.

It is exceedingly pleasant to linger in this world of young men and women with jade-like hands, 'eyes like streams in autumn,' exquisite manners and melodious voices; where lovers send each other the swiftest of quatrains done with the most delicate of brushes; and where the naughtiness is consummate tact.

ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRM OF BERNARD QUARITCH 1847-1947.  
London. Quaritch Ltd. 10s., post free.

This Centenary Catalogue, issued to commemorate "One Hundred years of service" by the firm of Bernard Quaritch Ltd. is, in every respect, a fitting tribute to the memory of that "grand old human volume," "king of booksellers," who was its founder. The Foreword, prefixed to the catalogue gives us in brief an account of the chief events in the career of the great bookseller—from his early days when, as apprentice to the bookseller in Nordhausen, he laid the foundations of that knowledge which was later to place him in the forefront of the great booksellers of all time.

From the time when he set up for himself in the little shop at 16, Castle Street, Leicester Square, (which, we are told, he rented at "sixteen shillings a week") Bernard Quaritch seems to have attracted to himself—and kept as life-long friends—most of the outstanding bibliophiles of his day. Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Earl of Crawford, Disraeli, Louis Bonaparte, Lord Dufferin, Edwin Arnold, and, of course, Edward Fitzgerald whose translation of Omar Khayyam he published in 1859. A copy of this offered for sale in the present catalogue (and, judging by the facsimile title page which is reproduced) an remarkably clean copy is offered at £225, a comparatively modest figure for an item which has on one occasion brought at public auction the sum of £1,410. It is interesting to note that the real "first" discovery of this little pamphlet, as it lay in the "1d. box" outside the bookshop, was made by an Irishman, Whitley Stokes—and not, as it was formerly thought, by Rossetti (or Swinburne). I am sorry that the writer of the foreword has not mentioned another small publication of the previous year, entitled "The Vulgar Tongue: comprising Two Glossaries of Slang, Cant, and Flash Words and Phrases, principally used in London at the present day. By Ducange Anglicus." London: Bernard Quaritch, Oriental and Philological Bookseller, Castle Street, Leicester Square, 1857. The little volume, of which 250 copies were printed, is now, I fancy, a rarity, and its authorship is attributed to Quaritch himself, but in view of the fact that Edward Fitzgerald was at one time (I quote A. C. Benson) "Occupied in a task, which to him was a perpetual delight, of rescuing racy terms of local or nautical origin from obscurity," a further inquiry into its origin is, as the doctors say, "indicated."

This Catalogue, with its fine 4to page, six coloured plates and 44 other illustrations of titlepages, woodcuts, etc., is, as I have said, a worthy memorial, and its 91 pages contain amongst its 229 items many of those things which are the joy—and the despair, of collectors. It is, primarily, intended for "Public Libraries and Book Collectors, but I understand that a few copies are still "available at 10s. post free."

IRISH MEN OF LEARNING: Studies by Father Paul Walsh. Edited by Colm O Lochlann. The Sign of the Three Candles. 21s.

The late Father Paul Walsh was a well known Irish scholar and historian. He was interested particularly in obscure, neglected aspects of our history, and devoted many years of intensive research to the subject of Irish learned families. The profession of the scribe was hereditary: the pen was handed down from father to son, from cousin to cousin. Aided by noble patrons or alone in times of war and hardship, these historians and faithful copyists saved our ancient poems, sagas, genealogies and historical tracts from oblivion. In 1938 Father Walsh published a study of the Four Masters entitled *The Ó Clerigh Family of Tir Conaill*. Most of the essays in this posthumous volume deal with lesser known scribes, and have been collected from various quarterlies, collated and carefully edited by Mr. Colm O Lochlann. The studies are highly technical and necessarily concerned with much genealogical detail: from poems, annals, marginalia and widely scattered references Father Walsh gathered his material, but the general reader will be rewarded here and there by fascinating glimpses of the past.

Among the families dealt with are the O Duigenans, the learned family of Mac Firbhisigh, who compiled the Great Book of Lecan, and the Mac an Bhairds. Standish Hayes O'Grady and Charles Plummer published some of the marginal notes made by these scribes: in Father Walsh's book many more examples will be found. These stray personal notes are curiously vivid and sometimes we can almost guess from an intense little sentence, the very character of the man who wrote it. This is because these scribes, conscious that they were guardians of a great lore, spoke from the passing moment to future centuries. Sometimes these copyists 'corresponded' with one another, exchanging pithy remarks as if they were beyond the condition of time. David O Duigenan, writing in the second half of the seventeenth century, complains, 'I am in Drumlaheen, and I weary.' Later the manuscript in which this entry appeared came into the possession of the celebrated Charles O'Conor of Belanagare, and he replies to the remark. 'And I am weary enough reading your book, David.' As Father Walsh explains, O'Conor did not mean to be uncomplimentary; his meaning was, if the manuscript be so weary to read, what must the writing of it have been! Sometimes the old scribes were irritable and expressed their feelings in maledictions which were not meant to be taken too seriously in ages to come. One exclaims, for example, 'My curse, and another curse into the bargain, I bestow on the women that have muddled up together all that I possessed in the way of ink, of colours, and of books. Another curse on him, too, that shall read this and fail to curse the women.' Occasionally the scribes commented on what they were copying out: David O Duigenan remarks on the fantastic jumping competition between mad king and hag in the *Frenzy of Suibhne*, 'Ar mo Dhia go mbrister cosa na caillighi' (By my God, may the hag's legs be broken). At times history is brought close to us, as in this simple note by Mac Firbhisigh: 'To-night is the eve of Sunday, and an end has been made of the colouring of all this book, and there is great war in Connacht.'

The scholars and scribes were, no doubt, pedants, but their knowledge of genealogy, topography and clan history must have been extraordinary. Of one of them it was said, *baoi tri fichid bliadhuin a sgolaigheacht*—'he was sixty years at schooling.' To all these learned families, in varying degree, the same epithet can be applied: 'they wrote books of history, annals, and poetry, and kept a school of history.'

M. D.

## MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

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BELSEN UNCOVERED. By Derrick Sington. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

Nothing written about the Belsen concentration camp could be entertaining, much less enjoyable, and the stark, sub-human truths in 'Belsen Uncovered' are in many passages nauseating. It is evident that the author intended to put on record the full, personal account of what took place in that dread place of typhus and torture, of starvation and incineration. The author was the first Allied officer to enter the camp, the last to leave, and he has done a fine piece of reporting. His duties included the feeding of the evacuated prisoners, before they were attended to by the Medical Corps, and the clearing of the fever steeped hutments in that small area where more than 23,000 victims died.

A JOB AT THE B.B.C. By Joseph MacLeod. William MacLellan. 7s. 6d.

Joseph MacLeod, whose voice was familiar to millions of people, tells us about the inside operations at Broadcasting House, and gives some constructive criticism.—The style of presentation is of course personal, and we take it that the chapters on how to get, learn, deserve, hold and lose an announcer's job are based upon his own experiences. Although from its inception the B.B.C. has been a National concern, the public generally know very little about its control and management, and less about the personalities behind the 'voices' which have become familiar to listeners all around the world. Here Mr. MacLeod takes us through the 'House' and behind the scenes (or behind the 'Mike'), as it were, introduces us to the 'stars and the crowd,' and relates many an amusing anecdote.

## MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

THE WIND AND THE RAIN. Summer 1947. Quarterly. 2s.

THE CHANGING WORLD. Autumn 1947. No. 2. Price 3s. 6d.

ANVIL. Book I. 1947. Price 2s. 6d.

SCOTTISH PERIODICAL. Vol 1. No. 1. Summer 1947. Price 5s.

THE SCOTTISH HISTORICAL REVIEW. April 1947. Price 6s.

A POCKET GUIDE TO SCOTTISH CULTURE. By Maurice Lindsay. Price 1s. 6d.

COUNTRYGOER. INTRODUCING IRELAND. 1947. Price 2s. 6d.

There is, in some of these reviews, a commendable effort to seek the collaboration of writers from abroad, and to emphasize the broader aspects of American thought. This international basis is stimulating and a check on the considerable pessimism engendered by current affairs.

With limited space, one can but be conscious of the summary treatment of much excellence, mature taste and scholarship, but it is hoped that a brief mention of some of the contents will suggest something of the range and interest of these periodicals.

*The Wind and The Rain.* D. J. B. Hawkins' 'The Anatomy of Judgment' shows that 'Scepticism is not an intellectual system, but an emotive

attitude of mind' and makes a careful analysis of the confusion that causes the modern man to lose 'confidence to make definite affirmation as the result of his own personal thinking.' W. P. Witcutt contributes a psychological study of Keats and demonstrates his diametrical opposition in character to Blake.

*The Changing World.* In addition to the articles: Lewis Mumford's 'Social Effects of Atomic War' and A. Glasberg's 'The Problem of Displaced Persons,' attention is drawn to Gabriel Marcel's 'Testimony and Existentialism,' which is a criticism of Sartre and an exposition of 'creative receptivity.' G. S. Fraser's discussion of Robert Graves' poetry has many admirable observations, e.g. 'he has a sense of awkward and unwilling attachment to his own body; and that awkwardness and unwillingness are, again and again, the main theme of his poems.'

*Anvil.* Louis Aragon considers two books on Mallarmé's obscurity, and attacks pathological and exegetical explanations, pointing out to all critics: 'On the other side of your exegesis the Song remains.' The translations from Prishvin and the introduction to his work by George Reavey make one agree that this Russian writer, a philosopher of nature and subtle observer, merits much wider recognition. In some of the contributions there is a certain inadequacy, due perhaps to space limitations, e.g. the translation of the Prologue to Lorca's 'The Shoemaker's Wonderful Wife' might have been accompanied by an outline of this Andalusian folk comedy.

*Scottish Periodical.* There is a finely balanced survey by James B. Caird of poetry in Scots and English from the Makars to the present day. The editor—R. G. Smith—who translated Buber's 'I and Thou' so ably a few years ago, contributes an important translation from Rudolf Bultman. Edwin Muir, in 'A Note on Franz Kafka' draws a very interesting parallel between Kafka and Kierkegaard. Each 'fashioned God' in his father's image'—an image that gives to Kierkegaard's Journals their agonised quality. Ian W. Alexander writes on Valéry and Yeats and has this illuminating thesis: 'If Valéry is the philosopher and poet of consciousness, Yeats may be described as the philosopher and poet of existence. He differs from Valéry in that the domain he takes for his study is wider; but the two poets meet and have this in common that they find their themes not in any transcendentalism but in the world of immanent experience, of life and being, with its struggle to realise selfhood and to attain full consciousness of our powers and passions.'

*The Scottish Historical Review.* The present issue—the first since 1928—contains, in addition to valuable material for the specialist, vivid accounts for the general reader of 'The Tacksman and his Holding in the South-West Highlands' and 'Scottish Student Life in the Fifteenth Century.'

*A Pocket Guide to Scottish Culture.* This little compilation shows the visitor what to look for at Galleries and Museums, what books to read and music to hear. It is a very clever piece of compression with ingenious charts of Scottish Literature and Painting.

*Countrygoer.* It is inevitable, perhaps, that with its size, this small book should be rather superficial in effect, and sometimes flat; but it is agreeably illustrated and has interesting articles by such writers as Seán O'Fáoláin, Edward Sheehy, R. Lloyd Praeger and Austin Clarke.